

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 27, 1987 40 CENTS

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GARY WALTERS PHOTOGRAPH BY
CHRIS THOMFORD





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SOCIETY ILLUSTRATION is published monthly except one issue in year-end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: Roca Interletter Corp., New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Linn, Jr., President, 1000 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 60610; Bruce G. Brown, Treasurer, 1000 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 60610. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Post Office No. 234, Chicago, Ill. Postage paid at Chicago, Ill. for physical delivery of postage on cash. Continental U.S. subscriptions: \$4 a year; Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Puerto Rico: \$10 a year; industry subscriptions: \$12 a year; the foreign: \$16 a year; all others: \$18 a year.

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Next week

THE PALMER SAGA—the astonishing story of an athlete, millionaire and public idol—is told by his attorney, close friend and the man who knows him best, Mark McCormack.

THE SPEEDY CLIMAX of Daytona's February splurge is the 500-mile race for stock cars, in which Plymouths and Fords not found in showrooms go 180 mph. Kim Chazen reports

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BOOKTALK

A bureaucratic list of animals doomed to disappear makes compelling reading

There have been many expensive books published for sportsmen in the last few months, but none of them can offer more compelling reading than the mimeographed pages of a cardboard-bound volume that costs only \$2.50. Ostentatiously titled *Rare and Endangered Fish and Wildlife of the United States*, it is put out by the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, and can be had by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. It lists, with some fascinating editorial comment, the 51 mammals, 161 birds, 27 reptiles and amphibians and 87 fish whose survival is now a matter of serious scientific concern. The book makes sad but fascinating reading and is as difficult to lay aside as a bag of peanuts.

This grim report breaks the 326 imperiled species down into four classifications. The first or "endangered species" is the group most seriously threatened. A species belonging to this group is defined as "one whose prospects of survival and reproduction are in immediate jeopardy."

A number of species whose likelihood of extinction has been well publicized—the whooping crane, California condor, Eskimo curlew and southern bald eagle—are discussed here, but so are many more obscure creatures whose light for life usually goes unnoticed. The Indiana bat, for instance, which mostly winters in four caves. The crowds of these bats have been disturbed by spelunkers, their colonies have been raided for laboratory specimens and sandbars have decimated them. Not long ago a couple of boys killed about 10,000 Indiana bats in one brief spree in Carter Cave, Kentucky.

Even the grizzly bear is in peril. Known to scientists by the marvelous name of *Ursus horribilis*, the grizzly formerly ranged all over the West. They are still relatively plentiful in Alaska, but those in the lower 48 states number only 850, and this dwindling population is confined to remote parts of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. Development of the countryside and trapping for bounty have all but done in the timber wolf, and the red wolf is in dire circumstances, because it is unable to compete with the coyote, which is aggressively extending its range.

Introduced to the islands by interfering mankind, the mongoose is causing many of Hawaii's birds: the dark-rumped petrel, Newell's Manx shearwater, the nene, or Hawaiian goose, the common gallinule. Their plight sometimes inspires poignantly poetic notes, even in the curt bureaucratic. Thus, for example, on the Hawaiian crested honeycreeper "Last seen by Dr. I. Radlowsky.

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BOOKTALK continued

Dec. 1, 1950. In April, 1963, W. M. Old heard a bird calling in the fog at 5,900 feet on Haleakala which was almost certainly this species. Feeds on nectar of flowers and caterpillars."

Closer to home, the latest count found only 30 Florida Everglades kites; they do not have enough snails to eat because of decreasing marsh. The San Francisco garter snake is endangered by housing developments, and the Texas blind salamander has all but been done in by pet collectors, the capping of wells and drainage of underground water.

Among the many fish which may be on their way out is the Suwannee bass, one of the black basses, which looks like a cross between the spotted bass and the largemouth. Classified as "rare," it thrives only in certain parts of northern Florida—the Ichauway Springs and adjacent stretches of water. "Spraying of herbicides or insecticides," warns the government's report, "might easily eliminate a species so restricted geographically."

And there are lurking dangers beyond those introduced by man. There is, for instance, a kind of fish miscegenation. Pay the Clear Creek Garbursa (*Gambusia holbrooki*), found only in "backwaters" of Clear Creek, 10.4 mi. west of Menard, Menard County, Texas. Not only is this fish endangered by a dam, it is also threatened "by possible genetic swamping with *G. affinis*, with which it hybridizes."

The historic decline of the Atlantic salmon is also documented. Once an important sport and commercial fish all along the New England coast, it is now restricted to eight coastal streams in Maine. Between 1958 and 1962, only 430 were taken.

Few species, even the exotic passenger pigeon, can match the recent spectacular decline of the blue pike of Lake Erie. This was one of the important commercial species of the lake, and as recently as 1955 the catch amounted to 19.7 million pounds. But in the last seven years, only one blue pike has been reported from Erie. Under reasons for decline, the report notes, "The physical, chemical and biological environment in Lakes Erie and Ontario have deteriorated measurably in recent years, creating conditions that seem to be unfavorable for survival of eggs and young."

My own private concern is the shortnose sturgeon. Except for one Florida specimen, all recent captures of this small sturgeon have been in the Hudson River, and a new power project threatens him with extinction. The proposed power plant will also, in the opinion of many, decimate the river's striped bass and shad populations. If the Department of the Interior does not protect them, why bother to rouse such a book as this?

ROBERT BULL

The Day of the Dark Filly

There were only two likely candidates for Sports Day Queen, but the vagaries of high-school politics caused an upset **by BILL MACKAY**

Homecoming Queen is the big thing at some high schools. At ours it was Spring Sports Day Queen. There were a number of candidates for the position in my senior year more than a quarter of a century ago, but it was obvious that the field would be narrowed quickly to two outstanding girls. Remember the early Ava Gardner? We all believed that Mary Jean Buck could pass for her twin sister. And Nadine Samuelson was considered the local look-alike of Betty Grable. Trouble was, Nadine had incurred the deep-seated enmity of Donkey Clausen, a political manipulator of considerable talent, when she turned down his invitation to the glee-club skating party. As a result, he spent uncounted hours plotting her humiliation, and when Mike Robbins broke his leg during the final game of the regional basketball tournament Donkey sensed opportunity.

Mike Robbins was more than merely another high-scoring basketball forward, star quarterback and cleanup hitting shortstop. He was Jack Armstrong come to life. Knowing this, Donkey assembled a small and select group of conspirators and announced, "We're gonna elect Marlys Meln." We were all mystified. True, Marlys was small and dark and slender, and her smile burst upon the beholder like the first day of spring. But she was by no stretch of imagination a fit challenger for either Mary Jean or Nadine. What we forgot was that Marlys had one almost irresistible attribute: she was Mike Robbins' steady.

Abandoning barren logic and dull reason, Donkey went to work on the electorate's collective emotions. He produced a photograph of the hospitalized Mike, his cast leg raised, calculated to draw tears from any voter. Bunny Carter, who worked after school in a print shop operated by a half-crazed evangelist, was instructed to forget about religious tracts for the moment and to concentrate instead on campaign signs. Soon the school corridors burst forth with red-lettered reminders: A VOTE FOR MARLYS IS A VOTE FOR MIKE and

MIKE SET: "I'M FOR MARLYS—HOW ABOUT YOU?"

With becoming—if genuine—modesty, Marlys accented each of us in turn, and her message to all was identically succinct: "Gee, guys, I never said I wanted to be queen. Please withdraw my name." Donkey, of course, ignored her request. As the campaign wore on, Marlys' pleadings became more intense. She informed us that neither Mary Jean nor Nadine was now speaking to her. Donkey pointed out that that fact alone made her one of the more fortunate members of the student body.

As election day neared, Donkey stepped up the campaign tempo. He prevailed upon Sylvia Olson to surreptitiously produce campaign bulletins on the school mimeograph machine. Half-pint Pugh's leading boast that he could open any locker in the school merely by listening to the tumblers click as he turned the knob on its automatic lock naturally qualified him for the job of bulletin distributor. The rest of us concentrated on classroom electroneering.

Despite our efforts, as the student body prepared to ballot, Donkey wore a tense and desperate expression. Well he might. The separate forces supporting Mary Jean and Nadine had not been idle. They had, of course, picked up Marlys' well-advertised pout that she didn't want the job, and they had used it against us endlessly. Even more to be feared was the fact that both Mary Jean and Nadine had unhimbered their most powerful and obvious weapons. Wearing seductive party frocks and spike heels, they conducted yeoman campaigns in the corridors and locker alcoves, backing young and susceptible males against the wall and standing close to them as they solicited their votes. After being subjected to Nadine's breathless assaults, some of the sophomore boys actually wore dazed expressions for hours.

On election day we all trooped down to the auditorium to get the returns. After we'd sung the school song, the Spring Sports Day Queen candidates assembled

continued

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Dark Filly *continued*

onstage. Mr. St. Morris, the principal, read the results "Fourth runner-up," he said, "is Faye Rosenwald." That was to be expected. She ran for everything in school, and she never got elected to anything "Third runner-up," Mr. St. Morris read, "is Mary Jean Buck." Mary Jean's mouth immediately welded itself into the iron smile that beauty-contest losers everywhere habitually wear "Second runner-up," Mr. St. Morris announced, and I felt Donkey's arm alongside mine on the chair arm tense like frozen rope. "is Nadine Samuelson," Donkey muttered, "Hot damn!"

Mr. St. Morris pointed dramatically. "The 1938 Spring Sports Day Queen is Marlys Melin." Marlys approached the microphone. For the moment, all Machiavellian plottings fled our minds, and we were honestly proud of our choice. Marlys' eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. She was as radiant as any Queen in history. "I want to thank everyone who voted for me," she said prettily, and the student body applauded wildly. "And especially I want to thank..." she broke off and stared down at Donkey and me and the others "... those wonderful fellows who worked so hard for me. I'm so thrilled and honored, I just can't tell you." Then she burst her bombshell. "But I'd like to withdraw in favor of the girl who is more worthy of the title... Nadine Samuelson."

Things happened so fast after that, I didn't have time to look at Donkey. Nadine shrieked, "I'm not playing second fiddle to anyone," and stumbled fearfully into the wings. Mr. St. Morris turned to where Mary Jean Buck had been standing only a moment earlier. But, after sothing something into her handkerchief that sounded like "laughing stock," Mary Jean had vanished. That left only Faye Rosenwald, and she accepted with alacrity.

Later all of us who had managed Marlys' campaign were commanded to appear in Mr. St. Morris' office. "Elections for the Senior Boy of the Year and Senior Girl of the Year are coming up soon," he warned us. "I want you people to pretend it isn't happening." We promised, and you can be certain that we meant it.

Funny thing, though. Donkey Clausen was one of the guys assigned as a sedan-chair bearer at Her Majesty Queen Faye Rosenwald's coronation. Four years later they got married. **ENO**

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THE IMPORTANT SIDE

Last week Coach Adolph Rupp kicked a boy named Bob Tallent off the University of Kentucky basketball team. Rupp said it was no big deal, and in one sense we agree with him; it wasn't, but only because it was simply one more example of what is too often so rotten about collegiate sport.

The Tallent case flared up last month after Kentucky lost another game and Rupp said, "Tallent can't stand the pressure" and began referring to him as his "error boy" and "no-talent Tallent."

Last Monday at Tennessee, Tallent, who had been playing since late January with an injured ankle, passed to Louie Dampier, who didn't see the ball coming and it went out-of-bounds. Rupp yanked Tallent, who went to the bench and said, "Oh, hell."

"What did you say?" said Rupp.

Tallent repeated it, was chewed out and then told Rupp, "I'm tired of being a puppet."

The next day the equipment manager told Tallent that Rupp had said not to issue anything to him and that he was off the squad. Rupp next threatened to take away his athletic scholarship, but Tallent, a strong B student in engineering, apologized and therefore was allowed to retain his grant for the remainder of the semester.

"Tallent told Coach Rupp that he was sorry for what he did," said Athletic Director Bernie Shively. "Bob also stated he had no hard feelings toward Coach Rupp and that he had been treated fairly and squarely."

When *The Kentucky Kernel*, the school paper, suggested it was Rupp who should have apologized, Rupp snorted: "What? The guy admits he's wrong and says I was justified in doing what I did. And that sure makes the [Louisville] *Courier-Journal* and *Times* look like a bunch of heels for enticizing me. By God, they picked on the wrong man."

Rupp wasn't through with the press. "Why don't you guys forget this thing?"

he asked Billy Reed of the *Courier-Journal*. "Why make an issue of it? Just say he's dropped from the squad and forget it. Go out and find some news. You newspapermen are the ones who stir up these things. You're the ones who cause all the trouble. You write, write, write, trying to build a mountain of a molehill."

And Shively was quoted as saying—before he said he was misquoted—"This is the only place I know... where this sort of thing happens, where the papers go and ask the boy's side of things."

The *Courier-Journal* replied: "Actually, 'the boy's side' is the only important side of the incident. If the welfare of the individual student is not served by the university, and by the teams which represent it, they have lost their purpose."

Amen.

REMINDER

When a Welsh golfer put in a claim for a broken golf club, his insurance company pointed out that the damage had been caused by 20 years of wear and tear, and declined to pay. The golfer, in turn, pointed out that he had had a life policy with them for 40 years, and he hoped they weren't going to take the same attitude. The company settled.

HOMEWARD SOUND

Eight months ago Bob Leder, head of RKO General Sports Presentations, said he would never televise a fight involving Cassius Clay. Last week Leder announced that RKO and its partner, Madison Square Garden Attractions, will show the Clay-Zora Folley fight in more than 150 cities. That's show biz.

Clay-Folley will be the first heavyweight title bout in the U.S. to be seen live on home TV since 1959. The last was Floyd Patterson-Brian London, which helps explain why. In any case, the popularity of ABC's telecasts of Clay's fights abroad, as well as RKO's six televised title fights in other divisions, indicates that home TV and boxing may once again be profitable partners.

The RKO fights generally compete with the networks' prime evening shows. Yet, according to the ratings, the fights have often got more than 40% of the viewers. "People obviously still want fights," says Leder. "If you give them good ones." And for free.

But theater TV may well be a dying art form. Mike Malitz of Main Bout, Inc., which handled the last three Clay fights shown on theater TV, says he didn't want any part of Clay-Folley. "The money's not there," he says. "It's not going to be a fight that is going to excite people." In fact, Malitz doesn't think Clay's forthcoming bouts will be worth showing in the theaters. "I honestly believe," he says, "that by paying more attention to collecting the money from the exhibitors of the Clay-Terrell bout, I can make more for the champ."

LONG FLY

Neither exploration nor baseball is what it used to be, according to O. C. S. Robertson, a retired Canadian commodore who is serving as scientific observer to Expo 67, Montreal's World's Fair.

"You just can't get away anymore," Robertson said last week. "Even at the North Pole you're not immune to a telephone call."



Robertson was aboard the nuclear submarine U.S.S. *Sesadagon* on its historic voyage through the Northwest Passage to the pole. During one surfacing he stepped out on the ice intent on getting some exercise. He had just organized a baseball game when he was called to the ship's radio.

"I was stationed in Washington then," Robertson recalled, "and an admiral there had called to find out how the

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

voyage was going. He then asked if I would like to talk to my wife. Before I could answer, she was on the line asking where I had left the car keys."

Robertson didn't mind the call as much as the interruption of his ball game. "Home plate was the North Pole," he said. "First base was in the Eastern Hemisphere, third base in the Western Hemisphere and the international date line went between home and first. When somebody hit a pop fly on Sunday it was Monday by the time the first baseman caught it."

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY

In their first meeting of the season Muehlenberg lost to Lehigh by 13 points, 73-60. Last week Muehlenberg played Lehigh again, and Coach Ken Meyer had each player wear an adhesive strip with REMEMBER written on it below his jersey number. Muehlenberg lost by 13 points—74-61. Said Meyer: "Could be they remembered too well."

NO GREATER LOVE

On St. Valentine's Day, Texas school-boy football players became eligible to sign letters of intent, and, as always, the wooing was hot and heavy.

It was also hotter and yon. In the space of 17 hours Gene Stallings of Texas A&M flew to Dumas to Vernon to Abilene to San Angelo to Fredericksburg to Sweeny to Houston, signing nine players, or about one every 150 miles. Darrell Royal of Texas boarded a Falcon jet and signed nine players in Houston, touched down at San Angelo for a tackle, went on to Odessa, where he nabbed a halfback, then flew to Amarillo, Dallas and Beaumont for eight more signatures.

But the most ardent recruiter was Joel Brame, a Texas linebacker. Brame asked his girl friend to line up a blind date for a visiting prospect. When Brame and the boy went to pick up the girls Brame noticed that the blind date was a couple of inches taller than the prospect, so when the girl asked who her date was Brame piped up, "Me."

The prospect signed with Texas.

HIGH NOTES

Undoubtedly the tallest singing group in the country is The Big Three and Me. The Big Three are Earl Seyfert, 6' 7"; Fred Arnold, 6' 7", and John Shupe, 6' 6". Me is Larry Weigel, 6' 3". All

four are members of the Kansas State basketball team. The group was formed one day this month to relieve the boredom of a bus ride to Norman, Okla., and made its off-the-bus debut that night when it substituted for Coach Tex Winter on his TV show. Winter had gotten so hoarse yelling from the bench he couldn't go on. The Big Three and Me's big hit is an original composition entitled: *Get Your Hands off Him Don't You Dare Touch Him, He's Going to Call a Foul on You.*

WORLDLESS OBLIGE

The French village of Chamrousse, venue of the Alpine skiing events for the 1968 Winter Olympics, is by no means an elegant resort. With the exception of the Hotel Saint-Christophe, the rooms are, as innkeepers say, small but clean. But when the Austrians, Swiss and West Germans—who were in town last week for the pre-Olympic championships—saw their accommodations they were *apoplectic*.

While the favored French team was basking at the Christophe, the Austrians were shivering beneath the eaves of the Hotel L'Oursin. There were 12 skiers and one washbasin in the attic, and the bathroom was—how you say?—down the hall; some said as far down as Paris. The quarters for the Swiss were equally cramped. The West Germans were four to a room in an unfinished barracks, but they had glass in their windows. By way of protest, Austrian Coach Fritz Huber stopped shaving, which was to the point since there was no hot water.

Once again it was the Olympic Committee that was in hot water. The week before, the bobsledders had staged a walkout at Alpe d'Huez because of the hazardous run (SI, Feb. 20). Now, just prior to the women's slalom, the disgruntled Austrians, Swiss and Germans, ruefully declining a peace offering of free champagne, announced they were pulling out.

"When we put up the French we lost money," said Franz Hopplicher, the Austrian *chef de mission*, "but we put them in the finest rooms in Innsbruck. We knew the minute we came here and saw our quarters that we would leave, but we wanted to see the downhill course. Now we have seen it. So we have played the comedy for three days."

World Champion Jean-Claude Killy and French Coach Honoré Bonnet agreed that they would have left, too, if they had such barbarous lodgings. The

continued



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NML NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE - MILWAUKEE

Italians said they had been ordered to race, but, in sympathy, they might stop half-way down the hill. The French sports daily *L'Equipe*, in a front page editorial entitled *Noblesse Oblige*, called the affair a scandal. "This incident must at least show that a great deal of effort remains to be made," *L'Equipe* said.

"You must understand, it is difficult to lose," said Hopfgartner in purring, "but it is much more difficult to win. The Austrians have learned to lose. And now the French must learn to win."

PIPE DREAM

Each year since 1954, the Kentucky Club pipe tobacco people have been giving away a 2-year-old Thoroughbred to the lucky person who dreamed up the best name for it—or, more precisely, the name Kentucky Club decided was best. And they picked some luvv: Hopepharoul, Filleguine, Delphidessa, Fiddishl, Ah Hurry Bhaa, Aurecolt—which, perhaps, served them right. Only one winner, Aurecolt, ever amounted to anything at the races: he earned \$42,479 and still holds the American record for 7½ furlongs—1:29.

This year, Kentucky Club is giving away a Summer Tan colt, but—glory be!—they've given up on the names. Now all you have to do is send in a box top, the winner will be chosen by blind draw. If you win, you may call him Dobbin, for all anyone cares.

THEY SAID IT

- Paul Hornung, asked why he got married at 11 a.m.: "Because if it didn't work out I didn't want to blow the whole day."
- Art Shamsky, a pinch hitter honored for four homers in one game: "I'd like to thank my manager—but that would be kind of senseless, he never played me."
- Floyd Patterson, before knocking out Willie Johnson: "I don't know if I am as fast as I was, but I don't think I'm any slower."
- Steve Belko, Oregon basketball coach: "I told my team before the UCLA game that these guys put their pants on a leg at a time just like we do. It's just that one fellow has a little bit bigger pants."
- Theodore W. Kheel, New York lawyer and labor arbitrator, on his efforts to resolve the AAU-NCAA dispute: "These people make the Teamsters look like undernourished doves."

END

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Dominick & Dominick on: the 7 most common mistakes people make in the stock market.

For almost a century, we have had an opportunity to observe investors in the stock market. Large investors. Small investors.

We think it is interesting that large investors quite often make the same mistakes small investors do.

Here are the 7 most common mistakes we see:

1. **People enter the market without a clear idea of their objectives.** Too often, they want a stock with great safety, that pays a high dividend and has good growth potential. At Dominick & Dominick, we counsel our customers to define their investing objectives in light of their financial circumstances, needs and expectations. Then we can make positive contributions to their success in accomplishing those objectives.
2. **Most investors expect too much, too soon.** Time is an indispensable ingredient in the stock market. The man who expects each investment to pay a return "overnight" is in for a large number of disappointments. At Dominick & Dominick, although we are continuously reviewing customers' holdings, we urge each investor to give his portfolio time to perform.
3. **Too many people play follow-the-leader with the so-called glamour stocks.** Some of these equities stay radiant, but many lose their glamour with age. We help our clients choose a stock because of its basic value and underlying strength, not because it's the talk of the town.
4. **Often people downgrade quality for the lure of higher yield.** The one fact we constantly point out to our clients is the importance of quality—most often quality of management—in the

selection of common stocks. Through the years, quality equities have proved to be the long-term "yield" champions.

5. **Investors, blinded by the success of one industry, frequently neglect to consider each company on its own merits.** There's a current of thought these days that a portfolio should contain x% "chemical" equities or "aircraft" equities, etc. Perhaps it depends on the objectives. But, choice of the particular company is more important, in our opinion, than the choice of the industry.

6. **Investors often short-change themselves by being less than candid with their broker or investment advisor.** People may invest money which they will need on short notice later to meet specific commitments, yet neglect to tell their broker this fact. Or they may overstate their need for liquidity when, in the light of the facts, that isn't the case at all. We trust our customers will always talk to us candidly so that we have the facts we need to advise them wisely.

7. **People still invest on the basis of tips or a few persuasive words from "a friend who knows."** The only comment we can make on this is that we know of no one who has prospered over the years in the stock market by following the advice of tipsters. Period.

We would be happy to talk to you about avoiding these and other mistakes in investing your money.

If you're considering buying stocks or bonds—or just want to chat about your investment future—stop in and see us. Or write: Department 5-22.

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The MGB/GT: another action car from the sign of the Octopus.

ON THE TEE: AN ERROR

A big pro tournament highlights the golf week, only this time the pros aren't golfers, and the scramble for the \$30,000 is truly a scramble

by DAN JENKINS

The name of the tournament, the Astrojet Classic, sounded like a pylon race for commercial pilots who had proved they could miss Jamaica Bay consistently. And even though 54 of the top professional football and major league baseball players would be competing, it seemed on the surface like nothing more significant in golf than another of those member-pro-guest-celebrity affairs that are as much in vogue these days as the cashmere turtleneck. For a couple of reasons, however, the Astrojet Classic turned out to be a stimulating event last week: a football-baseball partnership affair that must rank as the most unusual in the sport until some promoter finds a way to team up a group of civil-rights marchers with their favorite plantation owners.

To begin with, getting a collection of Bart Starrs and Mickey Mantles together is not easy. In fact, there is only one period on the calendar when it is possible, a brief interval from late January into February, the time between the merciful end of pro football and the spring training start of the eight-month-long baseball season.

American Airlines, the inventive sponsor, seized a precious week in there to bring together the two different kinds of gladiators, not to let them display their natural skills, but to socialize and show

MICKY MANTLE displays a 100-bitter's follow-through as he belts one to deep right.



AND A FUMBLE

off a singular lack of sporting talent at another game—with a good deal of money at stake. In fact, the most remarkable aspect of the tournament was the prize money. The airline put up \$30,000 as a purse to rouse the golfing competitiveness of football and baseball players. This was more money than the PGA tour offered in 27 of its tournaments only a decade ago, and the winners, who turned out to be a couple of 13- and 15-handicappers named Bill Mazeroski and Paul Krause, received \$5,000 each, which was as much as Ben Hogan got for taking his fourth U.S. Open championship in 1953.

Thus American Airlines proved not only that quarterbacks and pitchers can live happily together, but that golf is continuing to rise faster than the pot-pancake cult.

The athletes dressed their roles every day of the 54-hole partnership competition, which was held at the La Costa Country Club-Spa Hotel, a multimillion-dollar lodge, watering hole, stable, golf and real-estate complex near San Diego that may become the bursitis capital of the world. They wore the alpaca sweaters and the overlap shoes, just like the touring pros. Some of them even played like pros—among them the San Francisco 49ers' John Brodie, the New York Mets' Ralph Terry, the Washington Senators' Ken Harrelson and the San Diego Chargers' Ernie Wright.

But there was something wonderfully hilarious about the rest. Here were guys swinging like both housewives and sluggers, chewing tobacco, hollering, taking three from the sand traps, playing for all of that money and leaving La Costa's members wondering if the course would ever get its bunkers raked again.

Among the more interesting sights of the tournament were Willie Mays's line

continued



JOHN UNITAS takes a determined pass at ball on the first tee, but no long gain results.

drives from the bunkers, Jim Taylor's Neanderthal stoop over three-foot putts, Mickey Mantle's strike-three follow-through, Chris Burford's ability to race under his own tee shots like the splendid receiver he is, and Norm Sica's pitch-outs—with a wedge. Bob Allison's curving fouls with a driver did not go unnoticed, nor did Mike Ditka's slant-ins with the five-iron. Johnny Unitas was spectacular whenever he tried a roll-out.

It was all great fun, outside and in, for four days—nothing but goofy bogeys, stingers, buffet lines and the music of Murray Arnold's combo on the old bandstand. It was Don Drysdale moving over behind the piano and singing 2 a.m. ballads against a vague montage of Ron Santo, Dave Kocorek, Bob Allison and Don Whitt, the resident pro, behind the drums and bass, and Unitas off to the side bellowing, "Aw-right, let's get it, f--- it, here."

And then, of course, there was the inevitable fact that somebody had to win the tournament. The leaders from the opening day, the Pittsburgh Pirates' second baseman, Bill Mazeroski, and the Washington Redskins' defensive safety, Paul Krause, began to think about it. And think. And think. "I can't go out there and play for that kind of dough," said Mazeroski. "Not in front of all these people. I'm starting to choke. On the ball field you've got confidence. You know what you can do. But in golf, with the people so close, and not knowing where the ball is going, it's terrible." Krause said, "This is more pressure than you'll ever feel on a football field. At least there you've got a whole team."

Mazeroski did not know enough about tournament golf to mark his ball properly. He thought you had to put the coin underneath the ball instead of behind it. Krause did not know how to keep score on a best-ball basis. Nor did they know each other. Mazeroski had never even heard of Krause, who was an NFL All-Pro in his rookie year, 1964.

It was typical. The football and baseball stars were almost total strangers when they arrived at La Costa. (Oh, a few were pals—Brodie and Drysdale, for example, who ended up as partners by

the luck of the draw.) For the first hours and days the competitors kept noticeably apart in the dining room and bar and lobby of the sprawling, elaborate La Costa lodge. The baseball players moved to one side, and the football celebrities stayed on the other side. But slowly they came together out of genuine curiosity and admiration.

One evening Jim Maloney, the Cincinnati Reds' pitcher, grabbed Green Bay's Jim Taylor by the biceps and said to his tournament partner, Butt Starr, "I never realized it, but this guy is made out of concrete. I can't believe it."

For muscular Mickey Mantle, the San Diego Chargers' Lance Alworth, frail by comparison, was a tourist attraction. "Boy, there's no way you can be a football player," said Mantle. Alworth, the fleet receiver, smiled and retreated.

In general, the pro football players looked smaller than the baseball stars had anticipated—and, in turn, the baseball players were bigger than the football players had imagined. Anyone who could not instantly recognize the athletes and who might have happened upon a conversation group consisting of Drysdale (6' 6", 218 pounds), Frank Howard (6' 7", 250 pounds), Ken Harrelson (6' 2", 190 pounds) and Bob Allison (6' 4", 220 pounds), all baseball players, would have immediately identified them as the Packers' front four.

For all of their unnatural grace on the La Costa course, the athletes displayed a raw sense of competitiveness when confronted with the pressure they all feared.

Mazeroski and Krause were not taken too seriously after the first round. No one had watched them play, the gallery displaying strong preferences for the bigger names, such as Mantle, Mays, Koufax and Starr. That evening—and early morning—just about everyone wore out his alligator loafers on the dance floor. John Brodie, the best golfer of them all, who once had tried the PGA tour, did one mad frug after another with his pretty wife, Sue. Coming off the dance floor once, wringing wet, he looked down at his natty jacket and said, "Hey! I blew my garb."

The following morning Brodie was too



The pros may look unprofessional, but they are dead game. Top, from left, midget Frank Howard muscles out of a trap; Willie Mays, a genius with one glove, plays golf with two; Babe Perry swings on heel and toe. At bottom, Brodie advises Drysdale, and winners Mazeroski and Krause (far right) show strain at crucial 18th.



weak to take a practice swing before teeing off. He sat limply in the dining room until he was called, struggled down the stairs, onto the tee, and made a double bogey at the first hole.

"Beautiful," said Drysdale. From there on, however, Brodie played the best golf of the tournament—four under par with his own ball on the remaining 17 holes. This shoved his team into a tie for second with Ralph Terry and George Andrie of the Dallas Cowboys. And they were only three behind Mazeroski and Krause.

That evening everyone delighted in pointing out to Mazeroski that he was playing golf for more money than he had had at stake in the 1960 World Series when he hit the home run that beat the Yankees.

Through nine holes the next day it was close. One stroke separated the three top teams. On the back side, however, the Brodie-Drysdale combination fell behind. One reason, perhaps, was that their fingers ached from signing more autographs than most. But the Terry-Andrie team blazed away toward an 11-under-par 61.

Playing three holes behind Terry and Andrie, it was now all up to Mazeroski and Krause to hold their lead, though neither of them realized it. An official drove up in a scooter next to Krause's wife, Pamela, and said, "They have to par the last three holes to win. Should they be told?" Pamela Krause gulped and said, "I don't know. I just know I don't want to go through anything as nerve-racking as this again."

Mazeroski and Krause were informed, and, like tough athletes in any game, they bore down. Krause hit a two-iron over a lake to within 12 feet of the flag on the par-3 16th and then banged the putt in for a natural birdie. Krause then made a natural par 4 on the 17th, which gave the team a net birdie, and when Mazeroski got in for a par 5 on the 18th for another net birdie they had won by three strokes. They were 31 under par for the three rounds, although neither man had managed a gross individual score of better than 83. No one had won so important a title with such scores since the U.S. Open of 1901.

At the awards ceremony, pros Mazeroski and Krause were asked if they wanted to reject the \$5,000 each in order to protect their amateur golf standing. They looked as if they didn't understand the question.

KMD

TIGER IN THE HOUSE OF IVY

Esteemed for two centuries in the academic community, Princeton has become a power in basketball, not only in its own league but nationwide. Credit an ex-pro called Butch who smokes too many cigars

by JOE JARES



At Columbia, John Harrow hits with the free-drive jumper that has made him a 500 scorer.

Christopher Thomforde, Princeton '69, was oblivious to the dark, cold Connecticut countryside whizzing by outside the windows of the chartered bus. Swaddled in topcoat and orange-and-black-striped Princeton Tiger scarf, he was engrossed in a textbook on politics. The overhead light emphasized the paleness of his blond hair, which is about 6' 9" above the soles of his tender feet. Across the aisle Gary Walters, '67, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and an undone bow tie, slept occasionally and occasionally listened to Coach Butch van Breda Kolff tell short (or maybe tall) stories, like the one about his career as lacrosse coach at Lafayette. ("My first year we were 0-9. So the guy asked me, 'How will you do next year?' 'Can't do any worse,' I told him. So what does the guy do? He schedules 10 games. And we were 0-10!") Thomforde laughed and went back to his studying. Walters, clutching a book on psychology, fell into a doze again. Princeton's tired basketball team was on its way home after beating Yale by only one point at New Haven, squeezing past Brown by three at Providence and—in a weekend that saw five of the nation's top 10 teams lose—holding its customary place at the head of the Ivy League.

The Tigers, who have won five of the last seven Ivy basketball championships, should clinch another this week. They face Columbia, Cornell and Penn—all at home—and they have already beaten Columbia and Penn on the road. Their defeat at Cornell last Saturday—an upset—was only the second in 22 games. The other, to Louisville in the finals of the Quaker City Tournament, came when Captain Ed Hummer, their best defensive player, was out with the flu. They went on from there to beat North Carolina by 10 at Chapel Hill and to set a league scoring record in swamping

Dartmouth by a margin of 74 points. They would be powerful in any league. Each of the starters—Thomforde, Hummer, Walters, John Haarlow and Joe Heiser—would be a publicized hotshot on a less well-balanced team. As it is, each is scoring in double figures, though none ranks in the NCAA's top 20 in any category. They are current Ivy princes in a dynasty being fashioned by van Breda Kolff—unusual at a university long distinguished for academic excellence, and especially remarkable at a time when superior athletes generally seek collegiate showcases for their talents in order to enhance their value as future professionals.

Thomforde, a sophomore who wants to be a Lutheran minister, beat out two-year starter Robinson Osborn Brown, '67, for the job at center. He does not have much spring, but at his size he does not need much, and he can run up and down the court for a week without getting winded. Chris is so brimming with enthusiasm that he even applauds well-executed layups in pregame drills, and if somebody gave him a megaphone he would direct the sis-boom-bahs during the time-outs. This ardor goes beyond the court, too. To help undergraduates earn money, Princeton has a long list of miniature businesses—a student pizza agency, a student beer-mug agency, a student wall-banner agency and even an agency that sells shorty nighties (with Tiger emblems) to the coeds passing through. Thomforde is a mainstay of the student refreshment agency that peddles goodies at school sports events. This term he is a manager, but as a freshman he walked through the stands at football and soccer games hawking hot dogs, not too embarrassed that he was a conspicuous 6' 8½" and his white coat was several sizes too small.

Chris considers Walters "the best I've ever played with." Walters suffered a pulled thigh muscle on the first day of practice after January examinations, and the injury slowed down his lateral movement considerably. It is one of the reasons the Tigers have not won by any 74-, 49- or 44-point margins in the last few weeks. Walters is 5' 10"—smaller than Thomforde was in the eighth grade—and he handles the important ball-handling chores for Princeton. Before he was hurt he had a way of suddenly shifting into high gear and zooming past



A light zone defense and a tangle of Tiger arms hamper pass by Columbia's Joel Hoffman.

anybody in his way. "Until we got into the Ivy League season, we were playing hard every game," said Robby Brown. "The main thing is Gary. When Gary can't run, the whole tenor of the game changes."

There are other reasons for the narrow victories recently. First, a team on a long winning streak usually starts to play too carefully. Earlier in the season Walters and Heiser would pester opposing backcourt men to distraction and steal the ball a lot. Lately, opposing teams have had their centers bring the ball up, so that if Princeton wants to press, it has to use Thomforde, who still has much to learn about defense.

For all its close calls and stampedes, the team's most notable effort came against North Carolina, after a miserable all-night excursion from New Jersey. The day before the game, at 4 p.m., the flight out of Newark Airport was canceled, and the squad had to wait around for a 7.45 p.m. train. It was so crowded that most of the players had no seats and perched on their suitcases in the aisle all the way to Washington, D.C. They had nothing to eat until a sandwich vendor came aboard at 4 a.m.

When they arrived in Raleigh at about 6:30 a.m. the day of the game they jumped into taxis, only to meet more trouble and delays. One cab first traveled to Durham, home of Duke University, instead of Chapel Hill, causing another hour's loss of sleep. A second cab was operated by a sharpie who stopped in the middle of a tobacco field somewhere and demanded an exorbitant fee to drive the rest of the way to the motel. Van Breda Kolff, a husky ex-marine with a voice that has been roughened and deepened by too many cigars, got the price back down to normal when the cab arrived. The team slept all the rest of the day.

Perhaps, as North Carolina Coach Dean Smith suggested later, all their troubles helped the Tigers psychologically, if not physically. They beat the Tar Heels, No. 2 in the UPI poll at that time, 91-81. "Princeton can do well in the NCAA," Smith added.

"When we went East I said Princeton was one of the most underrated teams in the country," says Louisville Assistant Coach John Dromo. "This has since been proved, because now they are one of the best and stand as good a chance in

continued

the NCAA as anybody. I look for Princeton to be one of the powers in the East for the next several years."

Until last week all such talk of playing in the national collegiate championships was small comfort to the Tigers. Even if Princeton won the Ivy League title, as seemed likely, they would not be able to participate because of the controversial 1.6 rule. In essence, this rule states that a college may not offer an athletic scholarship to a prospective student whose predicted grade average is below 1.6 on a 4.0 scale (4.0 would be straight A's, 2.0 straight C's), and that a

red sweat shirt, and as he talked on the telephone his gravelly voice carried out the door and down an obscure, narrow stairway leading to the squash courts. There is no secretary and there are no plaques or photographs on the walls—just a little-used chalk board ("The only time I use chalk is to throw it," he says). The only touch of decoration is a large painting of a side-whiskered gentleman, Henry Marquand, onetime president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Butch swears that the hazy white rectangle behind Marquand's right shoulder is a basketball backboard.

recruited—and he has won on his coaching ability, too. The second Brown game this season is a good example. The Tigers had run away from the Bruins by 44 points at home, but somehow this game in Providence was even much of the way, and with 59 seconds left Brown trailed by one point and had the ball. Brown stalled and called a time-out with 18 seconds left to set up a final play. If it worked there would be no time left for Princeton to retaliate. Butch made his move. Princeton would fake a man-to-man defense just for a moment, to induce Brown into the wrong course of ac-



student-athlete becomes ineligible if his average falls below 1.6. Princeton was willing to comply with the rule, but two other Ivy League schools had refused, and the rest of the league decided to stand with the stubborn two. But last week the Ivies and the NCAA arrived at an "interim agreement" to allow winter and spring Ivy champs to compete for national titles. For Butch van Breda Kolff, it would mean more practices to run and more people pestering him for tickets. "But if my team wants to go," he said, "I want to go."

Van Breda Kolff's real given names are Willem Hendrik, but Butch seemed to fit him much better one recent afternoon when he was working in what is laughingly called his office. It is a large, uncarpeted room in a corner of Princeton's 19-year-old gym, probably once used as a storeroom. Butch sat at his desk in a

Van Breda Kolff himself once attended classes in the neighborhood of Nassau Hall. The 1948 alumni directory lists him with "'-45" after his name, giving him a hyphen rather than an apostrophe because he did not get his degree. He left school to be a defensive specialist for the New York Knickerbockers and earned his apostrophe at NYU. Princetonians did not hold this against him, however, when it came time to hire a basketball coach in the fall of 1962. After the Knicks he had gone to Lafayette and built a winning record when he was not moonlighting with lacrosse. Hofstra, a small college on Long Island, hired him away. He stayed seven years and had records like 20-7, 23-1 and 21-4 before moving on to Princeton. His teams won Ivy League titles the first three seasons but lost to Penn in '65-66. He has won with superior talent—most of which he

tion, then quickly shift to a zone. Brown Guard Alan Fishman went for the man-to-man fake, barreled into the middle hoping to pass off to the team's best shooter and instead ran into a tangle of hands. He lost the ball and fouled Joe Heiser with three seconds left. Joe sank both free throws.

When van Breda Kolff got off the phone he rested his elbows on the disarrayed desk top and launched into an explanation of how he recruits men like Heiser, who was Philadelphia's most valuable player in his senior year at Central High School. There is no secret fund supplied by the Central Intelligence Agency, and, in fact, there is not much of a recruiting fund at all, he said. He and Assistant Art Hyland try to scout the top prospects in the East themselves, but for evaluating and wooing players elsewhere they must rely on

an informal network of alumni and friends. It is this group of zealous Princetonians that coaches, apparently all over the country, refer to ruefully as tough competitors for local talent. Ivy League coaches have an understanding that they will not approach a high school player until he first shows an interest in their school—but it is not really a rule and there is no way to enforce it.

Van Breda Kolff cannot guarantee athletes financial aid. If a boy's parents can afford to foot the bill themselves, the school will not put up a dime. Butch estimates he loses two or three prospects

high school senior in Hinsdale, Ill., he had exactly one scholarship offer, and it came from a school so small that he cannot remember its name. So he followed his two basketball-playing brothers to Princeton, sharpened up his left-handed, line-drive jump shot and now is second on the team in scoring.

If an applicant's grades and College Board scores give him only a marginal chance to be accepted but he has special ability in some field (such as being able to leap through a basketball hoop like a porpoise), the admissions office sometimes will take a chance on him. Last

and Cottage Members are chosen for these clubs by a complicated, tradition-shackled system called Bicker, the efficacy and fairness of which often seems to be the sole concern of the *Daily Princetonian*. However, the paper has paid close attention also to the basketball team and to Vassar's proposed move to the campus of the Yale Bulldogs. All-male Princeton is concerned about this move. Recently the *Princetonian* proudly headlined a Vassar slogan: "W'0 RATHER BE TIGRESSES THAN BITCHES."

With clubs and without coeds, the students, including the basketball play-



His own ardent competitiveness is reflected in Butch van Breda Kolff's reactions to good and bad performances at a Princeton practice session.

a year because their parents, although well off or even wealthy, want the scholarships anyway. About 45% of all Princeton students— forwards, goalies, pianists and bookworms—receive aid. How much is decided by an impartial board after it examines parents' confidential income and property statements.

Gaining admission to the university is a recruiter's bad dream. Last year there were about 5,700 applicants, including 490 high school valedictorians; the freshman class numbered a little more than 800. Each year the admissions office sends Butch a list of new students with high school varsity basketball experience, so he can "identify the really superlative athletes." The odds are that he has been after those youngsters already, and prompted them to apply in the first place. Once in a while pure luck takes over. When John Haarlow was a

year, Butch says, he turned in a list of seven blue-chippers. Five were admitted and three actually enrolled (the other two went to Virginia and Notre Dame). The three blue-chip freshmen are good enough to help continue Princeton's dominance of the Ivy League next season. Talking about them obviously made van Breda Kolff forget for a moment about the ones that got away. He leaned back in his chair and speculated on whether the paper held in Henry Marquand's hand was the *Wall Street Journal*. He decided it was, since Marquand was a Princeton trustee.

Life on the Princeton campus is somewhat different from that at most American schools. More than 90% of the students in the three upper classes belong to one or another of the eating clubs on Prospect Avenue, "The Street." The basketball players are split between Ivy

ers, study hard. Robby Brown, the most articulate if not the best pivotman, likes to discuss van Breda Kolff's fre lance offense this way: "It's a sort of intellectual exercise, because you've got to see what everybody's doing and gauge your actions accordingly."

One floor below the basketball court Chris Thornford, having shed his Tiger scarf and civvies, sprawled on a training table the other day while Trainer Bobo Holmes swabbed his feet with a skin-toughening solution. He smiled, but it was not because Bobo was tickling him. He was just remembering how surprised he had been when he posed for the cover of this week's *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in Raycroft Library, which is hidden at the end of an L-shaped hall off the lobby of Dillon Gym.

"A library in the gymnasium," he said. "That's typical of Princeton." **END**

Frank Ervin, the man who won the 1966 Hambletonian with Kerry Way (below) and tutored the remarkable Brat Hanover through three years of excellence, looks back fondly on his half a century of harness racing

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

THE CLASSICIST FROM PEKIN



Through the screen door of his office Frank Ervin could hear the voices of another group of sightseers as they made their way toward his barn on the backstretch at Ben White Raceway in Orlando, Fla. His morning work was just completed, and Ervin began to sense that soon one of the visitors would rap nervously on the door and ask to take his picture—and Frank planned to be ready. Delicately he wiped the dust from his driving goggles and reached into the back of a closet to exchange his mud-flecked folio for an immaculate white one with a crisp maroon-and-gray band. He affixed a tiny, diamond-studded, horseshoe-shaped pin to his shirtfront and, just as he began buffing his prized, 65-year-old gold ring against his sleeve, the knock came. "Mr. Ervin," a voice asked, "would you mind stepping outside so we can take some pictures of you?" Ervin pushed the door open and said, "No, no, no. I mean no, sir, I'd quite like that."

This winter Frank Ervin, long regarded by insiders as one of the very best trainers and drivers in harness racing, finally has begun to receive some of the acclaim due him for nearly a quarter of a century. He has been invited to countless banquets and cocktail parties and presented with large tan trophies and small silver cups, primarily because he is the man who handled Bret Hanover, the great pacer who won 62 of 68 races in three years and broke a seemingly endless list of time, money and stakes records. "At many of the banquets," Ervin says, "I haven't even had a chance to eat, because people want more and more autographs or pictures. I've wanted a long time to see what it would be like and I'm now at the age in life [62] when I can enjoy it."

People who follow harness racing closely find it ironic that toastmasters and ordinary fans now recognize Frank Ervin's talents for the first time. For years his professional reputation has been hammered out in the hot dust of places like Sedalia and Indianapolis and Du Quoin; it does not rest on the achievements of Bret Hanover alone. Ervin has probably trained or driven more winners than the combined totals of Thoroughbred racing's Eddie Arcaro and Hirsch

Jacobs. In 1966 he drove 15 races in under two minutes, becoming the first man ever to drive over 100 two-minute miles. When he won last year's Hambletonian with Kerry Way, it marked his second victory in the sport's biggest single event, and he has also won three Little Brown Jugs. The list of trotters and pacers he has either driven or developed since the late 1940s reads like the record book of trotting during its most prosperous era. Even when arbitrarily reduced to 20 horses it includes: Adios, Bret Hanover, Canny Scot, Cheer Honey, Diller Hanover, Good Counsel, Good Time, Hundred Proof, Impish, Kerry Way, Keystone, N.D. Hal, Phantom Lady, Sampson Hanover, Scotland's Comet, Shoo Shoo Byrd, Sprite Rodney, Tame-ly Beauty, Yankee Hanover and Yankee Lass.

Today, even though Ervin feigns that the spirit is willing but the body is weak, he is still regarded as the master at taking a young horse and aiming it carefully toward the classics. There are few who question that skill, because too many times in the past Ervin has engineered tremendous upsets when other qualified horsemen assumed he did not have a presentable horse in his barn. He possesses a rare combination of patience and a way of communicating with young horses. Only eight 2-year-olds have trotted a competitive mile in under two minutes, and Frank Ervin has handled half of them. No other man has accounted for more than one.

Few men who train and drive Standardbreds ever achieve even temporary fame. Many seem to spend their public lives between parentheses—as in Hanover Hanover (Jones) \$9.70, \$6.80, \$3.40. The group that receives the most publicity consists of those who drive on the illuminated half-mile carousels near large cities, and these men often seem to jump from one horse to another, as squirrels bound from tree to tree. Harness racing traditionalists maintain—and they are right—that the real horsemen are those who live with their horses through the long, tiring hours on training tracks, building the rapport that pays off later in races, and refusing to delegate authority or responsibility. There are a few left whose pride in horsemanship impels

them to follow the old ways—men like John Simpson, Del Miller, Joe O'Brien, Billy Houghton, Ralph Baldwin, Earle Avery, and certainly Frank Ervin. They were brought up to respect a horse, and they recall a time when, as Simpson said recently, "You had to know your horse and take care of it and win with it or you just never got back home."

One recent morning at Ben White, Frank Ervin swung his leg over the shaft of the sulky, gave the reins to one of his stable hands and agreed to talk of those old times. Before he did, however, Ervin walked to the front of the horse he had been training and then slowly circled around him, speaking to the animal in a quiet voice. The colt is named Speedy Sreak, and he is a Hambletonian eligible who was bought in 1965 for \$113,000, the third-highest price ever paid for a yearling at auction. "Slow, boy," said Ervin. "Stead-ee. Not a thing to worry about. Slow-ee. Quiet. Nice job out there. See you tomorrow morning." From his gray wash pants Ervin took a small, plastic-covered notebook and wrote in pencil the time of the mile that the horse had just worked. "I have to keep writing things down now," he said. "The memory is not as good as it used to be. I keep the times of all the miles worked and the track conditions in this book and then transfer them to a bigger book later on. I have books going back for 12 years, but like a fool I recently threw some out that went even farther back than that. Why, Stanley Dancer not too long ago asked me if I would make a copy of all the workouts I put into Bret Hanover throughout his career. Stanley said he wanted to look at them and keep them, and that made me proud. But the memory slips. . . ."

"I was born in Pekin, Ill. on August 12, 1904, and my father was a horseman named Tom Ervin who had been born in Hampton Furnace, Ohio. His father had once traveled through Kansas in a covered wagon to homestead and acquire some land out there. But he traded that land for a farm in Rich Hill, Missouri and built a racetrack on it between 1877 and 1880. My grandfather had two sons, Tom and Dan, and they both learned to be horsemen on that track, racing against each other day-in and day-out. Dan was

continued

what you might call on the lazy order, and he worked for years for a man named Hutton, who was on the lazy order, too. They made a great pair 'cause Hutton's idea of being around horses was to get dressed up all pretty like and say, 'Hey, look at me! I'm the Hutton who's got the horses.' On Sundays the two of them would put on their pretty outfits and go out to the barns and wait for people to come by and see how nice they looked. They'd sit in canvas chairs all day and smoke cigars, which, when you come to think of it, isn't a bad way to live.

"But my dad, Tom, kept about his business, and more than once he owned Shoo Fly Gyp, the sire of the dam of Single G.—who many thought was the greatest horse of all time. Single G. once won 58 straight heats and 262 lifetime. But the only thing I can recall about Shoo Fly Gyp was that he was a great big old white pacer that my dad kept buying and selling. You know, he'd buy him at Sedalia and sell him back at St. Louis. Things like that. When I was 6 he took me to see Dan Patch at Galesburg, Ill., and I can remember how just the sight of him thrilled everyone. By the time I was 12 I was traveling around with my dad when school let out, and I began to watch him carefully. My father wanted me to get an education, at least enough to learn to read and write. I got through grade school, and he sent me to high school after a summer of racing with him. One of the things they'd do to initiate you into high school in those days was to take your pants down and walk you through the center of town, and I certainly didn't look forward to that. Well, I ditched the juniors and seniors for the first two days of school, but on the third day they came after me. There were about four of them, and they chased me down an alley and backed me up against a fence. I reached up and got a one-by-four and hit one of the seniors, and that was the end of that. It was also the end of my high school education, so I returned to the races with my father, and in 1920 he let me drive in my first race.

"He had a trotter named Black Diamond that was a fine horse. Once won 26 straight races and he was like a machine. My father had him so ready for my first race that I probably couldn't have lost with him if I had tried. It was in Charleston, Ill., and I won with him, beating a field of four. Those days are a far cry from today. You could do things

then that you wouldn't even think about doing now. It wasn't too long after that first win that we had an incident in Mt. Vernon, Ill., a mining town. There was a famous local horse in Mt. Vernon named Colonel Cochran Jr. and he was trained and driven by Loyal Scott. My father and I were to drive two horses against him—Black Diamond and Nightellion. The following week there was to be a race for 2-10 trotters, and my father didn't want to be marked in less than that for either horse." In other words, Tom Ervin wanted to keep his horses eligible for the following week's race and not reveal how fast they were. "So he went to Scott and suggested a three-way split in the purse. Well, Scott wouldn't go for it, so my father said, 'Just make it look close and it will tickle these people.'

"Colonel Cochran got the lead at the top of the stretch, and I came up on him with Black Diamond near the finish and got beat a neck. Those were the days of near beer. When we had to come out for the second heat and I was warning Black Diamond up, a near-beer bottle went right by my head. I looked over at the rail and here were about 100 tough miners coming over it and after me. Apparently there was a pretty good hand-bout at Mt. Vernon and quite a few of them had bet on me. They must have been spiking that near beer, but I knew that as long as I had that horse they weren't about to catch me. Someone opened the gap in the backstretch and we drove out horses out through it and right out of town.

"In 1922 at Aurora, Ill., my father fell from a sulky and broke his arm, fractured his skull and cut off the end of his finger, and I drove the horses from the next heat on. No one will ever know how much he taught me. He had a way with a horse. I took over the stable in 1929 when times were bad. Trained, fed and took care of horses for a dollar a day. But there were plenty of good times. One day in Hutchinson, Kansas I drove in 12 races and won all 12. There was once a time at Sedalia, Missouri when we had 22 races in one day. They started at 11 in the morning and ended up in the dark. The track was muddy when the races began and bone dry at the finish.

"During World War II I raced on the West Coast at places like Pomona, Stockton and Santa Rosa. I had the leading money-winning stable on the coast for a time, but in 1943, at the end of the

racing year, I had no horses at all. I came down here to Orlando, and the great Henry Thomas called me and I worked for him for two months and then left and went up to Lexington and somehow picked up six horses. I worked my way to the North Randall track in Ohio with them, and one day Rube Parker, one of the finest horsemen that ever lived, called me. He said he had been taken ill and wondered if I would train his stable for him until he was well. Through the years I had often stabled next to Mr. Parker to learn things from him, and I had the highest regard for him. Twenty-five of the best horsemen in the country were stabled around Cleveland then, and when I got Mr. Parker's horses a lot of eyebrows were raised. Just a couple of weeks later Mr. Parker died, and I was left to take care of the horses. That was the big break. Three of them were Adios, Scotland's Comet and The Colonel's Lady. All of them went in under two minutes that year. By that fall I had gone out on my own, and by 1945 I had all the horses I could handle."

Ervin pushed the seat back from his desk, put his cigarette out and walked over to some pictures hanging on the wall of his office. He rubbed his clear blue eyes and said he was tired and had talked far too long. "I was up late last night with my wife," he said. "We were watching the movie we have of Good Time's win in the Little Brown Jug of 1949. A man took the movie in color from the top of the grandstand at Delaware, Ohio, and I found out about it and paid him \$50 for it. Every once in a while we take the movie out late at night and watch it. It's too bad that Good Time came along at a time when communications were not as good as they are today." Ervin pointed to one of the pictures and said, "Good Time. Good Time!" There was a sound to the voice that had not been there before, as if a bell had been struck with a hammer.

Those who never saw Good Time are the poorer for it. He was a tiny pacer who raced with a shuffle and walked like a camel, but he gave hands and pounds and consistent beatings to his opponents. Good Time won 78 races and finished in the money 104 times in 110 starts. He drew huge crowds at a time when harness racing was just beginning to hurgeon and needed a star. Sportswriters who had

continued



I, shy, sly Sylvie Shaw, am a flavor grabber.

How could this happen to a nice girl like me?

Blame it on that cute Mr. Finney in accounting. You know. Wavy hair. Blue eyes. Always smoking L&M cigarettes.

Well, one day while passing Mr. Finney's desk, I grab one of his L&M's. It's good! Not sharp. Not flat. But a good round flavor you don't get in any other filter cigarette.

Later, I grab another one!

I, Sylvie Shaw, am a flavor grabber. My conscience pangs. I run down and buy my own L&M's, I figure, and rightly, when you grab hold of an L&M, you grab hold of flavor.

Now my L&M's are missing. Could that sweet friendly Muriel Robbins in research be a flavor grabber?

LONG SHOT.

No, we're not the favorite.
Not yet.

But we're the favorite of the people who've tried
us. And more are trying us every day.

Right off, people like our taste.

(Which figures—when you consider we've been making
fine Canadian whisky for Canadians for years.)

And—a nice thing—we're not as expensive as we
could be. We bottle imported Canadian Lord Calvert
here. If we bottled in Canada where we make it,
we'd have to charge you about \$1 more a fifth.

We figure you'd rather have the dollar in
your pocket.

All things considered,
you can see why the
smart money is on
our long shot.



 expo67
Come to Canada
From the Canadian Consulate
and the World's International
Exposition in Montreal

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF PROOF 40-45% ALC/VOL (80-90 PROOF)

never deigned to cover harness racing began finding copy in him, and they quickly made a cliché of "The Diminutive Sidewheeler." How he got his real name remains a mystery.

Good Time was owned by Bill Cane, a builder who got his start with the notorious Hague administration in Jersey City. He promoted The Hambletonian when it was raced at Goshen, N.Y., and later turned the old Empire City flat track into Yonkers Raceway. (His opening night there became a near-disaster when inexperienced mutual clerks left the daily-double windows open after the first race had been completed.) Cane's stable was called the Good Time Stable, and it was known for trotters. He had bred two Hambletonian winners, but the mating on May 31, 1945 of Hal Dale and On Time produced a fragile thing that Cane chose to call Good Time.

"Maybe he called the foal Good Time because of the dam, On Time," Ervin said, "but I doubt it. He could have named a load of horses for his stable before that. He must have had some instinct. I remember seeing Good Time as a suckling colt at Lexington, and the story goes that people always wanted to put him in the back of cars and drive him around like a dog. When it came time to ship some of the horses to auction they shipped little Good Time right along. Mr. Cane came up to me when we got to the sales and said, 'Frank, where's Good Time? I want to see him.' I told Mr. Cane that Good Time was around in back of the barn and they brought him around to the front where Mr. Cane was standing. Mr. Cane had cataracts and leaned on a cane, and I guess he could just about make out that a horse was there in front of him. He raised his right hand above his shoulder and reached up to touch Good Time, but he didn't get anything. He lowered his hand maybe half a foot and said, 'Where, Frank? Where?' I said, 'Keep going' down, Mr. Cane.' He lowered his reach maybe three, four times 'til he touched the horse. 'Little jigger, ain't he, Frank?' Mr. Cane said. 'Awful little,' I said. 'Won't never amount to nothin'." All Mr. Cane said was, 'Hello there, little Good Time.'

"When I started to train Good Time I didn't know what we had. He cheated, just did what he wanted to do. We brought him to the races in St. Louis for the first time, and as we left the gate

in the first heat a guy ran into us sideways, and we were in the outside post position to begin with. But once little Good Time got going he rambled by colts like pickets on a fence, and we ended up second to Favian Chief. When I looked at my watch I saw that Good Time had gone a half in a minute, and I thought the damn watch was broken. In the second heat he ran to the quarter pole and then caught stride and finished third, and I knew I had something. Unfortunately, he got sick, and when I did get him to the races at Goshen he drew in the third tier, but he raced a hell of a mile. Ralph Baldwin drove him for me there, and only four men ever handled him besides myself.

"I was also driving N.D. Hal as a 2-year-old, but I knew that I would have to drive Good Time for Mr. Cane in the Jug. N.D. Hal was owned by a couple named Resnick, real nice people, and I was worried how I was going to sell them that I had to drive Mr. Cane's horse and not theirs. They were at Springfield at the time of the Little Pot Stake and Mr. Cane wasn't, so I drove N.D. Hal and had Ken Carnal drive Good Time. Good Time beat the hell out of N.D. Hal, and after the race the Resnicks came to me and I told them I would have to drive Good Time. 'Could you get Carnal to drive N.D. Hal?' they asked. I did, and I have always suspected they really might have wanted to get rid of me and get Carnal, anyway. When I told Carnal, he said, 'You son of a gun, Frank! You son of a gun.'

"Shortly before his Little Brown Jug in 1949, Good Time got sick with influenza. It looked like his biggest moment was going to go by, and I wanted the Jug for him. I shipped him from Indianapolis to Delaware, Ohio 14 days before the race, and I walked him for miles out under the trees and just let him eat the fresh green grass. He started to come back to health little by little, and on the Sunday before the race I worked him in 2:07, and everyone said how dull he looked. Sure he was dull, because he had been sick, but the time of that work caused everyone to want to start in the Jug. The race had to be split into two divisions, and Good Time drew the seven post in his, but we got to the lead on the first turn and won. Ralph Baldwin won the second division with Stormyway. Ten horses came back for the race-off a little while

later, and Good Time murdered them."

Ervin stood up, stretched and looked out the window. "That's John Simpson there," he said. "Great horseman. He can tell you about Frank Ervin better than Frank Ervin can. Frank Ervin is due at home for lunch. Overdue, in fact."

EErvin," Simpson said, "is one of my closest friends, but a deadly enemy on the racetrack. Good Time broke the hearts of a lot of my horses over the years. You live and die with a horse when you are getting one ready for the Jug or The Hambletonian. People don't understand what it's like to balance a horse and keep him in shape and get his mind ready. You have to *feel* it, *sense* it, know that nothing is wrong. Watch Frank Ervin any day when he's bringing a horse off the track. He'll take it and move it away from all the activity and just talk to the horse. No other man in the world could have done the job that Frank Ervin did with Bret Hanover. He has remarkable hands. It's hard to explain, but a man's hands adapt to a horse's mouth, and the horse can sense how the man feels. Frank went through hell with Bret Hanover and kept him sound and in shape over every kind of racetrack, in every kind of weather."

The next morning Ervin arrived at his barn at 7, and when he had finished his chores he talked of Bret Hanover. "Let's get one thing straight," he began. "I did not teach Bret Hanover to bow. That all started in New York when people were trying to make something out of what was not there. I don't teach horses to bow or jump through hoops."

Those who should know, however, say that Ervin teaches many tricks to horses because of his sense of showmanship. They tell a story about Ervin winning a heat at a fair on the Midwest circuit and bringing the horse back to the front of the crowd and aiming it at the people and doffing his cap as he always does when he wins. Two farmers were supposed to be standing by the rail, and one said to the other, "Look at that show-off Ervin. He gets a hand here because we're just a bunch of farmers, but if he ever tried that stuff at Roosevelt or Yonkers or those big-city places (the people would boo the hell out of him)." (Actually, when Ervin does it at a big-city track, he always gets a huge ovation, because the

continued

public seldom sees any other driver do a thing like that.)

"There are those who come to the races," Ervin said, "who want to see a horse. The night tracks and the starting gate made harness racing what it is today, but that doesn't mean that you should not show people a horse. When I see some of those guys at places like Sportsman's Park win a race and get a blanket in the winner's circle and then go tear-assing off to their barn with one leg dangling out of the sulky I think that maybe we haven't come quite as far as we think we have. Give the people something. Give them maybe just a moment they can remember. Show them a horse."

Bret Hanover's records may stand forever, but few recall how close Ervin came to disaster with the colt. It was the night of May 27, 1964 at Lexington, Ky., and Ervin was warming Bret up for the fourth start of his career. They came into the stretch just as a Shriners' band was playing and beginning to raise its flags. Bret wheeled and fell, pitching Ervin from his cart. Ervin lay on the track. An ambulance came out to get him, but he sent it away and walked to Bret's barn. Bret had jumped the infield fence and had to be captured and brought to the stable area. The horse had only been bruised, but Ervin had been badly hurt and he re-

fused to recognize it. He wanted Bret to sense that everything was still fine so that the rapport between man and horse would be the same as it had been since those early days when he had broken Bret to harness.

"Afterward I sat in the office," Ervin said, "and people brought me some coffee. I was still convinced that I was going to drive him, because I knew by then what kind of a horse I had. I sat there in the chair for 30 minutes with my wife nearby, and when I started to get up I couldn't raise myself out of the chair. I had to go to the hospital, where they found I had two broken ribs and the disc in my back had been pushed out. I got Dick Buxton to drive Bret that day, and he won, but I couldn't wait to get back to him. I was in the hospital for three days and out of action for five weeks, but I forced myself into coming back too early, and I ended up in bed again."

Bret Hanover smashed his opposition as a 2-year-old and won 24 of 24 races to break the record Tom Ervin had set with Black Diamond nearly 50 years before. He was Horse of the Year at 2, 3 and 4, and won \$922,616 to become the leading money-winning harness horse of all time. To almost everyone, though, his most significant achievement occurred on the Big Red Mile track at Lexington

last October, when Ervin drove Bret in a time trial in 1:53 3/5. Ervin had waited for the right day for a week, checking and arguing with weather bureaus and track officials until he thought things were perfect. Time and again he looked at the flags on the poles and walked over the track in his bouncy stride. He decided to go after the record (1:54 3/5 on a mile track) following the last race of the day on the next-to-last day of the meeting, and the crowd of 2,561 stayed on. Ervin felt that if Bret could reach the three-quarters in 1:24 he could break the record, and Bret arrived there exactly on time. The best description of what happened thereafter comes from Jim Harrison of the United States Trotting Association, who was standing with a group of horsemen an eighth of a mile from the finish line.

"I was suddenly engulfed by a wave of ear-splitting sound. Grown men were screaming and yelling at the top of their voices. 'Hi Ya, Hi Ya,' they chanted. 'Hi Ya, Hi Ya!' These men were not cheering a particular horse. For them, this was a horse that for these few fleeting seconds had neither name nor breeding, nor owner, nor trainer nor driver. He was, in essence, everything that they had ever dreamed of, and as he approached the finish line, used but pacing straight and true, they were urging him on because he belonged to each of them."

That was the way Frank Ervin closed out 1966. At the end of April or early in May he will pack up his stable and ship north from Orlando to Kentucky and then out onto the trail that leads to the classics. "The body is getting old," he will tell people.

But Ervin's opponents know that the little horseshoe-shaped pin given to him by his wife over 30 years ago as a birthday present will be in place on his shirtfront when the hot dust begins to rise again in places like Sedalia and Indianapolis and Du Quoin. "If I can have just seven, maybe eight good horses ready by summer, then maybe I'll get another chance at The Hambletonian, and you can't ask for more than that," he says. His rivals know, too, that the blue eyes will be clear and, more often than not, when the traditional races are over other drivers will be making their way back to the barns while Frank Ervin will still be out in front of the crowd, aiming his horse at the stands and doffing his cap.

END



BRET HANOVER BEGINS TO ROW AFTER EASY VICTORY IN 1966 LITTLE BROWN AUG

Will your boy bounce the puck like Bernie Geoffrion?

As a 19-year old rookie, Bernie "The Boomer" Geoffrion came out of Montreal and bounced his blazing shot off the boards, denting nets in every NHL rink. A smooth, aggressive stick handler, he lit the red light for 30 goals his first season, capturing the rookie-of-the-year award. Blade fans dubbed him "The Boomer," and for 14 seasons his "boom boom" stickwork and scalding slap shot helped the Canadiens clinch 7 first place titles and 6 Stanley Cups. In 1961, he scored 50 goals — one of only three ever to reach that icy peak in a single season — and won hockey's top prize, the Hart Trophy. This year, after a brief retirement, Geoffrion is on the ice again, this time booming the puck home for the Rangers.

Not every youngster can be a "Boom Boom" Geoffrion. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person — even if only a spectator — can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

Equitable, which has supported the national fitness program from its inception, urges you to keep yourself in good condition. Everyone benefits when you do. Your country. Your family. And most of all, you.



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For an attractive 7½ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing send your name and address and the words, BERNIE GEOFFRION, to Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1828, N.Y., N.Y. 10005.

TAILGATING

AT 3 MILES A MINUTE

They would feed you to Ralph Nader in bite-size chunks if you tried on the highway what the men on the opposite page are doing: racing bumper to bumper at Daytona at 175 mph. That being so, Daytona is a swell place for motorized Mittys. Safe in the grandstands or spacious infield of Bill France's International Speedway, one can swoop vicariously around the track's steep banks — so abrupt a man cannot walk up them — or crowd in behind another tiger to slipstream him ("draft" him, as they say) to give the ol' engine a breather, and at the end of 500 gutsy miles take the checker and a potful of money. Approximately 90,000 Mittys will have a fantasy foot on the throttle this Sunday during the ninth Daytona 500 as 44 pros race the latest Grand National stock cars for a purse of \$200,000. Spectators also will see fast pit action and, more than likely, a sensational spin or two, of the sort shown on the following pages. And more than a few in the crowd will have a wager riding with Richard Petty (page 36), the laconic leadfoot of Level Cross.

CONTINUED







Daytona is the place where you stand on the hood or the roof of your own car (left) to watch the pros drive their cars and occasionally pull into the pits to fill their gas tanks, as Gordon Johncock is doing in his No. 71 Dodge. At another pit stop (above) crewmen are running to service the Ford of Cale Yarborough and the Mercury of Daniel Dietner, who have come in at the same time, while out on the steeply banked track (right) Bobby Isaac's Ford goes into a smoking spin after blowing a tire





CHAMP WITH A FEEL FOR THE RATTLESNAKE

The big blue transport had left Level Cross in the cold dark of early morning, but now the sun was up in the Carolinas, uncovering the peach trees and the smoke-streaming gray shacks that sat among them, Negro children, huddled by mailboxes, waited for their school buses. Men walking to work paused and waved at the cabin of the truck. They knew who was inside. How many times had they seen that truck, that car hitched to it? Why, that bright blue color is as much a part of the South as red-eye gravy and cornbread.

Richard Petty, you see, is a big man in the South. No one since Fitchell Roberts, Junior Johnson and saddle-shoed Joe Weatherly has cast a larger shadow over the world of stock car racing than Petty. True, Curtis Turner is still active, but he is a legend from a time that is no more, the last link with the past, when drivers—who broke in on the "white lightning" trails of the Carolinas—peeled each other up on Sunday afternoons in front of rotting stands filled with Coke bottles and farmers still in their church clothes.

Richard and his "Petty blue" Plymouth reign in a different atmosphere, a deadly, abundant little world created by Detroit and populated by faceless people who talk only of engines and money. Richard ignores the legends and lore of the sport. "Why," he asks, "don't people just forget about all that?" The fact that some people believe the sport belongs to the wild and indecorous of the world embarrasses and annoys him even more. The ersatz atmosphere (twisting with girls in stretch pants and crashing with the thump and tumb of rockability is found only in the assembly-line movies, all of which are artistically equal to, say, *Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory*).

"I just go to the races," says Petty.

"If there is any glamour in the sport I haven't found it."

Perhaps not, but Petty is always on top of the action in stock car racing's most glamorous event, the Daytona 500. Held on the International Speedway, a two-and-a-half-mile, steeply banked rattlesnake that was opened in 1959, when the sport was just beginning to explode, the race—which annually draws well over 80,000 people—is the sport's richest, fastest and most prestigious production. A victory at Daytona can set a driver up for the entire year.

This Sunday, Richard—his father, Lee, won the first race in 1959—will be after his third straight victory in the 500. He won in 1964, did not race at all in 1965 (the Chrysler Corporation was warring with NASCAR) and won again in 1966 with an average speed of 160.627 mph. Petty drives the track better than anyone else, mainly because he chooses such a high groove, usually running in the third lane instead of the first or second. Still, it takes a certain attitude to win the 500.

The winner at Daytona must be special on the inside. He must have a certain arrogance, a certain contempt for caution. Quite simply, you have to step out and take the Daytona 500, put your foot down on the floor, keep it there and never look back. Petty can do all of this, but only because it is the way to win at Daytona. Richard, not fascinated by speed or oblivious to fear, is not a natural brute behind the wheel.

His moves around a track are delft and beautiful. He is a charger, but a sensible one who avoids rough driving. Drivers, his pit men often say to him, can be found in any "beer joint on a Saturday night," but they know better. Petty has a "great touch" in the corners, he is a thinker, and, most important, he has the feel.

"Ever see a bartender pour whiskey without using a shot glass?" asks one of Petty's admirers. "Well, he can pour, and you ain't never gonna get more than what's comin' to ya. He has the feel. Richard, now, he's got the feel."

Other drivers, however, are reluctant to give Petty any special tag, indeed, praise for another driver is seldom heard. Each driver thinks he is distinctive. If, for instance, you ask one driver about another he will not respond positively or negatively. He will just say that Richard Petty handles a car well and that he does win races. To the competition, it would seem, Petty is just a Plymouth, a "tough one to beat." He is no different to devote fans. He is a car, venerated or despised depending on the fan's allegiance to a particular Detroit product.

Nevertheless, there are fans who refuse to place the machine above the man, and Petty is an idol to many of these—whether he wins or loses. His personality, though likable, is certainly not the reason why he attracts loyalty. He is not colorful. He seldom says or does anything striking. He has a big kid way about him, and a sense of humor found among the young in a small-town poolroom. At the same time he is a very approachable person, who communicates with his audience. Often he spends most of that anyone time before a race signing autographs and answering questions about the innards of his car.

Petty's appeal, it seems, is largely due to his stage presence, but it is not as obvious as that of the driver Tiny Lund. Lund is not a favorite with the fans just because he stands 6' 4½", weighs 260 pounds and likes to catch small fish. Rather, it is because he is such an absurd sight when he climbs through the window of his car, and also because his size suggests brutishness. *continued*

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Petty, on the other hand, has presence. It's what Joe DiMaggio had it. It is unobtrusive, but it is there. He is obviously a producer, a driver who, as one fan wrote him, "would try to win even if they were paying the most money for second place." Yet Richard does not think he deserves special recognition. He does not even believe himself to be an athlete, despite the physical punishment a driver's body takes during a race. "In a sense," he says, "I may be one, but I don't know."

If Petty seems to be more of a bookkeeper than a hero, it is because of his father, Lee, and the racing environment in which Richard was brought up. Racing was never anything special for Lee. There were never any heroes—just drivers with all the money, some of it and none of it. For a long time there was none of it—"the meals were light," says Richard—and then Lee managed to take some of the money. Now, with Richard driving, Lee (his critics say) has all of the money.

"Lee," said the late Bob Colvin, who was president of Darlington Raceway, "is a remarkable man. When he came into this sport in 1949 he didn't know a thing. He would just go around and keep asking the mechanics for their help. Now he's one of the real gnomes with an engine and a chassis."

"That was a long time ago," says Lee. "It ain't the same sport anymore."

"That's right," says Richard. "We're a better class of people now."

"Ain't no way they could be worse," smiles Lee.

"We're businessmen," says Richard.

The place where business begins for the Petty operation is in Level Cross, N.C., on 22 acres of ground. Here, in three houses, live Richard with his wife and three children, his mother and Lee, and brother Maurice and his family. Lee is the commander, Maurice is the engine specialist and Lee's wife is the bookkeeper. In the middle of the grounds is a mammoth garage, the focal point of the business, where the Pettys and six employees work from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. seven days a week.

"Do you ever take Sundays off?" Richard is asked.

"What for?" he asks.

"Well, aren't you the star around here?"

"Heck, no," he replies. "I'm no hero. I'm just a worker."

END



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What with the retirement of Sandy Koufax and all that criticism from Dodger fans about trading away Murrey Wilks, **Walter O'Malley** could be excused for seeking some lucrative sidelines to offset the winter of discontent. At present, his son **Peter O'Malley**, the supervisor of Dodger Stadium operations, is studying plans to turn the ball park into an ice-skating rink and ice-cream plant each winter. A Japanese team, the Tokyo Orions, has such an installation operating now. If the project, which would cost more than \$1 million, is approved, there will be a quarter-mile track for speed skating, a figure-skating rink out in center field, and doubtlessly, vendors selling O'Malley Good Humor.

On his 14-hour trip to Scotland, Soviet Premier **Mikhail Gorbachev** lunched like a capitalist at Troon, the famed golf links by the Firth of Clyde, and then spent the afternoon at a soccer match between Kilmarnock and the Glasgow Rangers. Before the kickoff, he presented handsome glass footballs that he had brought from the Soviet Union to the teams' captains,

while a crowd of 33,000 tried to make him feel at home by chanting, "Kor-yin, cha-cha-cha." Later, after Glasgow had won 2-1, Gorbachev declared, "It was a man's game, as opposed to the Continental style, which has no tactics. I think it is easier to be a prime minister than a first-class footballer."

When she was in New York recently, swanlike skater **Suzi Chaffee** (SI, Jan. 30) spent an hour demonstrating two dances she has developed: the Downhill and the Slalom. For a photographer, highlighting it around the streets of fashionable Sutton Place in a wig and a superstretch suit, she frantically to rock "in" roll music from a transistor radio and explained that the rhythms involved in each dance are the same as those used on the slopes. In the Slalom the feet should be close together, and there is much jumping from side to side. The Downhill (below) is not as controlled and allows for freer interpretation. When Suzi got back to ski camp, her coach told her that her interpretation had been much too free. Said Suzi, "Publication has got to be stopped. That's right from

the horse's mouth. The pictures are not dignified enough. I think it would destroy the image of the U.S. girls' ski team, particularly at a time when we are having a fund-raising drive." The image looks fine from here.

Leading the Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament, the world's largest, is Boston Patriot Fish **Gino Cappellotti**, who until the other day had never caught anything bigger than a football. Cappellotti's fish tale began last December when he bet Jet **Oscar Sober Werblin** a fishing trip that Green Bay would beat Dallas in the NFL championship. Two weeks ago Werblin paid off on the bet, taking Cappellotti for a day's outing off Miami. After only a few minutes at sea, Cappellotti hooked a fish. Halfway through the fight Gino became seasick and considered quitting, but he held on and after 20 minutes landed a 26-pound eight-ounce bonito. When the boat docked, Cappellotti immediately entered his prize in the Metropolitan Marine tournament, which only accepts entries after the fact, or after the fish, if you will. His bonito is nine pounds heavier than any other entered in the contest so far.

For two hits, anyone in Cincinnati last week could challenge **Oscar Robertson** in a dribbling contest, held for the benefit of the local heart association. Some 175 people, including Congressman **Robert A. Taft**, showed up at a suburban shopping center to try their hand at Robertson's game, but Oscar outbounced them all. Switching the ball from hand to hand, he made 435 consecutive dribbles in two minutes. Second in the competition was a high school student with 404, while Taft (1283) finished among the also-bounced. An Oscar Robertson basketball and an LP record album went to anyone who could reach 375. The big winner was the Heart Association of Southwestern Ohio, which had a ball raising \$750.



If **Barry Goldwater** looked grim during the Tucson Open Pro-Am (above), it might well have been because he had just been sued for \$100,000 by a Phoenix man who claimed that a golf ball hooked by Goldwater in a 1965 pro-am broke his cheekbone and caused him severe and permanent injuries. The plaintiff, Wilbur Allen, at that time a test driver for General Motors, charged he was standing 25 yards down the fifth fairway at the Arizona Country Club when Goldwater hit him. In Tucson, Goldwater wasn't going to the left, as he teamed with Arnold Palmer to turn in a fine net 60 and finish 12th. He did scatter the crowd on one hole and had to play his second shot out of a dry riverbed, but no one in Arnie's Army was wounded.

At Buckingham Palace last week, **Alf Ramsey**, the manager of Britain's successful World Cup soccer team, was dubbed a knight by Queen Elizabeth, the eighth athlete in recent times to be so honored. Says Alf, "I suppose I shall have to get used to being addressed as 'Sir,' but if a player gets formal on the field I will clobber him."



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TWO REBELS WITH A LOVELY CAUSE

Moonhole, the house that Tom and Gladys Johnston live in on the remote Caribbean island of Bequia, is built to look out through glassless windows on a Swiss Family Robinson kind of world

BY COLES PHINIZY

Down on Bequia, one of the little islands that decorate the eastern Caribbean, Mr. William Tannis, secretary of the local government, appeared at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnston carrying a large tape measure. Mr. Tannis had come to measure the Johnstons' new home for tax purposes.

"Is your definition of a house a place with rooms?" Tom Johnston asked.

"Why, yes," William Tannis replied.

"And a room is a place with four walls?" Johnston asked.

"Of course," Tannis agreed.

"Then you are going to have trouble measuring this place," Johnston said.

William Tannis looked about. The Johnston home had many roofs, none of them connected. The place had many level floors, and also some split-level floors, and other floors that were very uneven. It had windows and windowlets and superwindows and doors of many sizes. Everywhere that William Tannis looked there were walls twisting, angling and bulging, but only in a few places did enough walls come together to form what you could call a real room. Since some of the walls were simply the sides of a natural arch of volcanic rock that soared upward to form a superroof over some of the lesser roofs, William Tannis could not tell exactly where the tax-free

outdoors ended and the taxable indoors began. Faced with an impossible situation, Tannis made a very sensible proposal.

"Let's have a beer," he said.

From a mile at sea, the unconventional Johnston house that William Tannis tried to measure two years ago resembles the Indian cliff dwellings of the U.S. Southwest. From closer in, as its lines become more distinct, the Johnston house looks more like an island citadel of the sort Crusaders might have built for defense against the Saracens. Closer still, the long staircase of the Johnston place, winding up from the water's edge between the so-called rooms, brings to mind a small Italian hamlet on the steep Tyrrhenian coast. Although the place seems to be a heady mixture of exotic cultures ranging from early Neanderthal to recent Eskimo, in essence it is only the physical expression of the philosophy of its owner, Tom Johnston, who believes a house should not be built to be looked upon, but designed so its occupants can look outward and live outwardly, enjoying the world.

The Johnston home is, for sure, intimately connected with nature. The place is called Moonhole because the rising moon at times peers through it. The Johnston's largest guest room is called

the Whale Room. Why? Because it is the only room where you can awaken and, without lifting your head from the pillow, see whales spouting in the distant sea. The best of the smaller guest rooms is known as the Hummingbird Room because a hummingbird built its nest on a limb directly over the bed and hatched two young. The Hummingbird Room could as readily have been called the Cave Room, for there is a small stalactite hanging from its ceiling, and a matching stalagmite is abutting on the floor below. When Gladys Johnston pointed out the dripping stalactite to her husband, he did something about it. He clocked it and found that the stalactite was shedding one drop of water every two minutes and 30 seconds. "Anyone stupid enough to stand under it for two and a half minutes does not deserve to be here," Johnston said, and did nothing further.

All of the foregoing oddments suggest that the Johnstons eke out a hardscrabble, makeshift existence like the Swiss Family Robinson's. They do live differently, but comfortably, and in style. Since almost everything about the island of Bequia and the surrounding sea is beautiful and worth enjoying, the predominant outwardness of Moonhole makes good sense. The place, indeed,

continued

The many-leveled structure of lava, whale ribs and mortar looks like an Indian cliff dwelling with a natural arch for a roof.



DESIGN FOR SPORT *continued*

has proved to be such a smashing success that around Bequia today Johnston is in demand as an architect and builder, a circumstance that he finds flattering and odd, considering that four years ago he had never put together anything more substantial than a sandwich.

The greater part of Johnston's formative years—roughly from the age of 12 to 50—were spent in the U.S., in public and private schools and in the advertising business, but to consider Tom Johnston a product of these institutions is no more honest than to call champagne the product of a bottle. They were merely the containers that held him between explosions.

Johnston never had architectural training, which in his case was probably for the best. He has always traveled a rather unconventional road, operating largely on faith. As a 16-year-old high-schooler in Southern Pines, N.C., he applied for admission to Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts so he could be near his sweetheart. Although Deerfield turned him down because he lacked both academic credits and money, he went there anyway, attending classes and hiding out in the school infirmary. Three weeks later, when the headmaster recognized him as a reject, Johnston said, "I always heard

you never let a real problem boy go, and I am certainly a problem." He was allowed to stay provided he did not return the following year. He returned, and a year later went on to Princeton University.

Reviewing his matriculation at Princeton, Johnston says, "I not only took college board examinations, I failed the hell out of them." He went to Princeton anyway, having faith—as he still does in any impasse—that something would work out. While wandering the streets, he ran into an elderly acquaintance from Southern Pines who remembered Tom as the young man who had always helped him onto his horse. So, for gentlemanly services rendered while riding to the hounds, Johnston got a year's free education at The Hun School, a scholastic mill that specialized in getting academic delinquents into Princeton, where he later won his letter in football, wrestling and lacrosse.

One summer Johnston worked for the Furness Lines as a purser's clerk, and thus in 1930, when the Caribbean was still a faraway paradise, he saw many of the island jewels that stretch down to South America. Although in the 30 years that followed he rarely visited the area, the green-mountain Windward

Island of St. Vincent stuck in his mind.

Because he was a mediocre student who also wrote a senior thesis claiming that Melville was a better writer than Hawthorne and the other dumbbells that the English department thought were great, Johnston emerged from Princeton in 1933 without a diploma. After a second tour of duty with the Furness Line, he got into the advertising business, where he exploded occasionally. Once, in 1939, he broke with the advertising game completely and sailed away again to St. Vincent, the island he loved. He had interested investors in a plan to get tourism moving on St. Vincent and to buy Mustique, a small island to the south, where the investors could build resort homes for themselves. Johnston's plan, along with half the world, went up in smoke when World War II began.

After Navy duty during the war, Tom Johnston served as a newspaper editor in North Carolina. He left that job under pressure—but without any tar or feathers on him—after telling the mayor and other local nabobs that their super-patriotic, amediluvian sentiments were a crock of grits. He then returned to advertising and jumped from one agency to another like a flock of spit on a

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

Tom Johnston prepares charcoal to broil langouste while Gladys supervises and a guest photographs the sunset from one of many terraces above the Caribbean.

Johnston's eccentric architecture is so popular that eight clients have commissioned him to build houses. He uses principally native materials and local labor.

Every room in the house overlooks the sea and is so positioned in relation to the prevailing weather that no windows are required—the outdoors is also indoors.



griddle. His candor occasionally cost him his job but usually got him a better one. He had fairly well feathered his nest and was a well-established, erratic success in 1960, when, for reasons he does not wholly understand, he suddenly felt the whole business was worth leaving. "I still liked advertising," Johnston remembers. "It was lovely, exciting, but somehow I think I had become fed up with myself."

Johnston went back to St. Vincent to see if it was still what he had loved 21 years earlier. He persuaded his wife Gladys that they could have a good, though different, life on the island. As a reward for what she subsequently put up with, Gladys Johnston will probably some day be canonized and made patron saint of patient wives. For gainful employment the Johnstons took the job of managing a small, nine-room hotel called the Sunny Caribbee on the island of Bequia, where they now live. For their

services they got their meals and \$60 a month, somewhat less than Johnston had been pulling down in the advertising game back in the U.S.

Before marriage Gladys Johnston had worked at an advertising agency, McCann-Erickson, as chief of creative research, a position that required her to know a good bit of practical psychology. Although well armed, she admits that she has never fully understood her husband, who sometimes exudes illogic that would befuddle the Mad Hatter. "When I complain about Tom's sloppiness," Gladys reports, "he replies, 'Why do you object to my sloppiness? I never complain about your neatness.' Really, how do you argue against that kind of logic?"

Tom Johnston had no sooner had a good look at the strange geological formation called Moonhole rising from the sea than he was hooked. He tried to rent a few acres surrounding it and ended up buying 20 acres. Since the Moonhole tract on the narrow south end of Bequia can only be reached by boat or a long hike, Gladys Johnston seldom saw it the first year they owned it. On her first safari there she said, "It is very nice," and returned to her chores at the hotel. Johnston hired native Bequians to spruce up the Moonhole area a bit so it would be suitable for picnicking. "I really believed I was only having steps built and a little level place here and there for picnics and chess," Johnston claims, "but the whole thing got out of hand, just like everything I have done." The next thing Gladys Johnston knew, she was lying up among Moonhole's rocks in a bedroom under a ledge that any puma with cubs would have taken to immediately.

"We have a photograph somewhere," she says, "that shows me standing in that bedroom with a wan smile. There were no closets and no shelves—just boards across rocks. Oh, I tried to be gung-ho about the fact that the bedroom floor ended very close to the bed and there was nothing to keep you from falling out of the kitchen. Tom kept repeating, 'I know you're going to be happy. I know you're going to be happy.' Until I really was."

In addition to the complex of rooms and dormitories that makes up his own residence, Johnston has designed eight more homes on the Moonhole tract. All are unobtrusive and in full compliance with their natural settings. If there is a

tree of beauty in the way or a rock that is esthetically pleasing (or impossible to move), Johnston builds around it. He uses no blueprints and, indeed, one of the remarkable things about his houses is that even when they are half-finished the exact end product is still in doubt. Fortunately, Johnston's clients know and trust him, so they are never dismayed when Johnston, standing in the middle of a half-finished house, says casually, "I think the bedroom will come roughly here. I haven't decided about the bathroom yet, and I don't know how we are ever going to get steps up to this place, but we'll figure something out."

"It is like painting with your feet," Johnston describes his art. "I keep screaming ideas around. I do what I feel like. If it doesn't work I hide it. If it works I take credit for it."

There is a saying on Bequia: "Don't throw anything away. Sell it to Tom Johnston. It will make him happy." Johnston uses considerable castaway material in his houses: fishnet floats as door frames and table bases, anchor chain as railings, whale ribs, vertebrae and scapulae as bannisters, chair seats and desk tops, deadkeys as towel-rack ends, spars, masts, planking and hatch covers as beams, doors and tables. He uses all such jettison tastefully and for practical reasons, never merely to contrive a shipwrecked sort of atmosphere as so many tasteless inns and bars are wont to do. One of Johnston's clients, Elsa Voelcker, a partner in Ann Hatfield Associates, a decorating firm that has done several good Caribbean hotel interiors, feels the essential virtue of Johnston's work comes directly from the character of the man. "He builds to the sun and sea and the wind," she says. "He has a flair for making a house a part of the land. He succeeds with a natural, honest approach better than others because he is a very natural, honest and direct man."

A month after he had futilely tried to purchase the Johnston home for taxes, Secretary William Tannis of the Bequia government returned to Moonhole accompanied by the chairman of the Bequia council and another council member. They brought an official council document proclaiming that the Johnstons should pay no taxes. The council delegation informed the Johnstons that the work they had done at Moonhole was considered contribution enough. **END**



Gladys and Tom Johnston survey with satisfaction their unique Caribbean domain.



WE CAN TELL the charcoal we use to smooth out Jack Daniel's is cool enough when it rattles in the shovel.

We won't take a chance and put any charcoal in our grinding house that's not cooled off. Just one hot coal could burn up all the ground-up charcoal already there, sacked up and ready for a Charcoal Mellowing vat. You see, our whiskey seeps through this charcoal to help make Jack Daniel's *sippin'* smooth. The shovel test is just a way of making sure we won't lose any charcoal before it gets to the vat.



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BY DROP

A joyous night for a pixie

Gerry Lindgren looks like an elf but he runs like a giant, as he proved last weekend when he trounced an honored idol, Australia's Ron Clarke

On the day before his formidable two-mile victory last week in San Francisco over Australia's Ron Clarke, 20-year-old Gerry Lindgren sat in a Spokane television studio looking positively suave and even, to the surprise of those who know this wispy creature, satirist. He was neatly pressed into a navy blue blazer with brass buttons and a button-down, blue oxford shirt, the ensemble set off splendidly by the crimson-and-gray tie of his school, Washington State University. But Lindgren never fooled anyone. Despite his occasional attempts to appear dapper, Lindgren gives himself away every time with his high, squaky voice and the uncontrollable cowl that sprouts upward from his thatch of dark hair. He has forged some notable victories—over the Russians, over the NCAA, over his own confounding allergies—but his engaging little-boy quality beams out stronger even than his desire to be first across the finish line.

At the Golden Gate Invitational indoor track meet in the drafty Cow Palace the courage and the pixie in Gerry Lindgren were on bright display for all to see. Not only was Clarke running against him, but also Jim Grelle, who had beaten Lindgren in a tactical two-mile race in Los Angeles last month and had, in addition, beaten Clarke over a fast two miles on the Australian's home territory last winter. A world indoor record was a strong possibility, but Lindgren said, "What I'd really like to do more than anything is just beat Ron Clarke."

Clarke had no designs on his own indoor mark of 8:28.8. In winning over New Zealand's Bill Baillie in Los Angeles a week earlier he had run a slow

8:41.8 and claimed he could not have gone a step faster. A 30-day attack of the flu had cut into his training, and he was not yet back in condition. All he hoped to do, Clarke said, was win.

At the start of the race Clarke took the lead, but the pace was slow. Lindgren decided to move out. He spurred ahead to bring the estimated crowd of 8,500 to a roar. For the next 15 laps he held the lead, his face turning bright red and his tiny but muscular legs sizzling frantically over the board track. The quickened pace forced Grelle to drop out even before the first mile had been passed, but Clarke, deeply tanned and half a head taller than Lindgren, stuck behind him like an immense shadow. Then, with exactly four laps to go, Clarke sprinted out around Lindgren and opened up a quick two-yard lead.

"It was a gamble," said Clarke later. "I was tiring, but I thought by rushing in front fast I might discourage Gerry a little and also excite the crowd enough to give myself a lift." The tactic never had a chance. On the back-straight the next-to-last time around, Lindgren suddenly exploded past Clarke. With the crowd screaming encouragement, Lindgren kept stretching the lead as Clarke faded. He won by a comfortable 15 yards in the excellent time of 8:32.6.

"I can't believe it," exclaimed Lindgren after the race, looking bedraggled in a damp T shirt and bare feet. "Ron has always been an idol to me. I've raced him four or five times before, and every time he's left me in the dust."

It was exactly three years earlier in this same meet that Lindgren first asserted himself as one of the most appealing personalities in world sport. As a 17-year-old senior from Spokane's

John Rogers High School he ran the two miles in the astonishing time of 8:40, six seconds faster than his own unofficial scholastic mark. Though he lost the race to Clarke, Lindgren so dominated the occasion with his fearless front-running that he shared the meet's outstanding-athlete award with Clarke.

"It was an amazing, rather unerving experience," Clarke recalled as he prepared for an encore. "He was so little he couldn't have looked more than 13 years old. He was such a hero to the crowd that a tall bloke like me, dressed in a dark outfit, automatically became a villain. When I tried to pass him he wouldn't let me. Once I brushed him accidentally. The crowd booed so hard I thought they were going to come after me with clubs."

Clarke was impressed more by Lindgren's attitude than by either his performance or his popularity. "He didn't seem particularly excited about what he had done," says Clarke. "He had lost, and he was simply determined to train harder and to do better next time. I sensed that he was a very special breed of runner."

Lindgren has been something special since the day his running career began in junior high school with an afternoon newspaper route that could hardly have benefited his change purse as much as it did his legs. It was five miles long and took in only 11 customers. Gerry's family, which has four boys, could not afford a bicycle for Gerry, so he walked or ran the entire route each afternoon. His running career continued on into high school when Gerry abandoned the unprofitable newspaper business and followed his two older brothers onto the track team, all 117 pounds of him. It improved dramatically through school, despite the breaking and rebreaking of a metatarsal bone in his left foot. He even established something of a social phenomenon in the northern outskirts of Spokane where he lived. Several times each week packs of Rogers High School runners, led by the spirited, diminutive Lindgren, would go on long-distance excursions around town. Local residents began to think that young Lindgren had formed his own variety of Hell's Angels—on foot instead of on motorcycles.

"Sometimes an old lady would be terrified at the sight of this mob of us running down the street toward her," says Lindgren, with a grin, "but we tried aw-



DETERMINED LINDGREN IS A HEAD SHORTER BUT A STEP AHEAD OF STRUGGLING CLARKE

ful hard not to scare too many people."

Part of the blame for frightening local inhabitants must be placed with Tracy Walters, the Rogers High School track coach, who found in Lindgren a protege whose zeal matched his own. Almost immediately he had Lindgren on a three-phase training program that he had evolved from the training techniques of three of the world's outstanding distance runners, Australia's Herb Elliott, New Zealand's Peter Snell and Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek. To duplicate Elliott's practice course along a sandy beach, Walters found, in landlocked Spokane, a sand-and-gravel pit over which he mapped out a half-mile route. Adopting Snell's technique of training in mountainous terrain, Walters located a hill almost two miles long and at regular intervals would send Lindgren and his teammates scampering up it, three or four times in a single training session.

This dovetailed breathlessly with the Zatopek method, which was, simply, to run until completely exhausted. Walters sent his charges out on 15-to-18-mile runs over the rolling countryside once a week and clocked them on his stopwatch to make sure there were no slackers.

Considering this background, Lindgren's performances as a high school senior in the winter and spring of 1964 were hardly surprising. He was not much impressed by them, however.

"Times never really meant anything to me," he says. "I hardly ever read much about track. Coach Walters kept getting excited about how well my performances compared with the best in the world, but I never took that too seriously. All I knew was that I was always getting beaten. Until I won that race against the Russians I didn't think I was in their class."

One is justified in harboring the sus-

picion that Lindgren's 10,000-meter race in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet of July 1964 is what brought Clarke to the U.S. this winter. Clarke currently is at work on a book, *The Lovely Breed*, which chronicles how outstanding distance runners of the past and present prepared for and ran their most important races. Lindgren, whose dramatic upset of the Russians Leonid Ivanov and Nikolai Dutoy will constitute an important section, had barely climbed off the plane in San Francisco last week before Clarke had him in tow and was taking him off for an extended interview. When he tottered back to his hotel room several hours later, Clarke seemed badly shaken.

"That fellow is either a physical marvel or the greatest con artist in history," he said, preparing to type up his notes.

What Gerry Lindgren had described to Clarke was one of the harshest training binges in a sport notable for them. "Coach Walters convinced me that unless I was really willing to work I had no chance against anyone as good as those Russian runners," said Lindgren. He had four weeks in which to prepare, and Walters put him on a three-times-a-day schedule at home in Spokane—a 15-to-18-mile run in the morning to help digest breakfast, fast and slow quarters on the track for lunch and a nice easy seven-to-10-mile jog late each evening to help lull him to sleep.

"But that comes to 250 miles a week," exclaimed Clarke, a prodigious trainer himself. "Yes, I guess it does," replied Lindgren, sheepishly.

After all that work Lindgren almost missed the race. During his last long run on the beach south of Los Angeles, he got lost when Coach Walters failed to appear at the pickup spot. Lindgren was barefooted. He wore cut-down blue jeans and a white T shirt and was soaking wet. He probably resembled a dope addict frantic for a fix. Two people slammed their doors in his face when he asked to telephone from their houses, and a third threatened him with a pistol. He finally got through to the police and arrived back at his room after midnight. The race proved to be less of an ordeal than what he had just been through. Lindgren sprinted past the startled Russians with about two miles to go and won by 150 yards.

Lindgren went on to make the Olympic team, though he injured his ankle training in Tokyo and finished ninth in

continued

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TRACK continued

the 10,000-meter run behind surprise winner Billy Mills. When he returned he had numerous offers of college scholarships, and he chose Washington State in Pullman, only 75 miles south of Spokane.

"I can't imagine why he came here," says Jack Mooberry, Washington State's calm, amiable track coach. "He could have gotten the NCAA's free ride almost anywhere he wanted, plus \$15 a month for his laundry. Here he gets only tuition. He is allowed to work 50 hours a month, at \$2 per hour, to pay for his books, fees and board and room. He's got to come out \$300 or so short every term."

"Well, I looked at some of the California schools and a couple in Oregon," says Lindgren, "but I didn't like the smog around Los Angeles and the running climate in Pullman is pretty good. Besides, Coach Mooberry said he'd leave me pretty much alone to work out my own training program."

Despite the less than generous terms that Washington State was able to offer, Lindgren nearly lost even that aid during June of 1965, when he defied an NCAA ban to run at the National AAU Championships at San Diego. He went anyway, finished an inch behind Mills in the six-mile run and both received credit for a world record of 27:11.6. It was a record that Ron Clarke soon destroyed by a margin of 24 seconds.

In 1966 Lindgren won the NCAA's three- and six-mile outdoor championships, rasing out bronchial coughs between strides. He had to take the rest of the summer off for allergy tests and a dental examination. He needed \$250 to \$300 worth of work on a mouthful of cavities and proved to be mightily allergic to dust of a dozen different varieties. For the last few weeks he has been taking two-a-week allergy shots and his habitual wheeze is gone. Inspired by his new-found good health, he has been doing speed work on the dusty dirt floor of the Washington State field house in an effort to improve his finishing kick.

Friday he covered his final quarter in an extremely rapid 59.6 seconds, and Tracy Walters was ecstatic about his former pupil. "This fellow is so much more astute, has so much more depth than you can imagine," he said. "And he gets such joy out of running!" So, Walters might have added, do the people who watch Gerry Lindgren.

END

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BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Schenken just rolls along

It is not widely known, but the much publicized Culbertson-Lenz match—the Bridge Battle of the Century—had its roots in an earlier challenge match that Culbertson lost. Challenger George Reith picked as his partner a young unknown named Howard Schenken, and they handed Culbertson a beating that received little notice except on the bulletin board of the old Knickerbocker Whist Club. That was 40 years ago. Less than 10 years later, Schenken was generally considered to be the top man on a team that beat Culbertson and just about everybody else in the game: the Four Aces. Twenty years ago a poll conducted by a national magazine asked all the top-ranked players of that day to choose the partner they would prefer to sit opposite in a match for money or their lives. The biggest vote went to Schenken. Ten years ago Schenken won the most coveted team trophy in bridge, the Vanderbilt Cup, for his first time. And in the past decade his successes have included, in addition to a 10th Vanderbilt championship, three national team-of-four

Both sides
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH

♦ A 7 5 4 3
♥ J 10
♦ A 9 5 2
♣ J 2

WEST

♦ Q 10 5 2
♥ 9 8 7 5 2
♦ —
♣ A 7 6 5

EAST

♦ A
♥ A 6 4
♦ K J 8 6 3
♣ Q 10 4 3

SOUTH

♦ K J 6
♥ K Q 3
♦ Q 10 7 4
♣ A 9 5

SOUTH

1 ♦
PASS
PASS

WEST

(Lenz)
PASS
DOUBLE

NORTH

2 ♦
PASS
PASS

EAST

(Schenken)
PASS
PASS

Opening lead: 2 of spades

victories, which I have been honored to share as one of his teammates.

Late last year, playing with his wife, Bee, Schenken finished second in a \$20,000 rubber-bridge tournament in Las Vegas, and this month, with Peter Leventritt as his partner and Lew Mathe-Bob Hamman as his teammates, he won the Riviera Masters Knockout Team Championship, also in Las Vegas, for the second consecutive time.

Lake Of Man River, brilliant 63-year-old Howard Schenkun just keeps rolling along. The phrase is apt, because Schenken's game flows. His style is smooth and imperturbable. He is far from being a conservative player, but his composure never suggests the risks he takes. He manages to be that "impossible" combination—an easy partner and an extremely tough opponent.

This is one of the deals that helped Schenken's team defeat a California-Canadian foursome led by Ron Von Der Porten of San Francisco in the final round of the Las Vegas team event.

North made a good choice when he

elected to raise to two diamonds rather than respond with one spade. And Schenken made an equally good decision when he elected not to come into the bidding with so much length and strength in the opponents' suit. It was obvious that West must be very short in diamonds, yet he had taken no immediate action after South's opening, so his hand figured to be quite weak.

Leventritt admits that he was far from pleased to hear his partner pass his rather weak takeout double. "I was wondering," he said, "how to explain to Howard why I had reopened the bidding on a hand with one ace and one queen." As it turned out, there was no explaining necessary.

East won the first trick with the spade ace and promptly returned a trump. Declarer won in the closed hand and led a heart to dummy's jack. East's ace won and back came another trump. Declarer again won in his hand, cashed two hearts, discarding a club from dummy, and led a low club to dummy's jack and East's queen.

Schenken now came up with a third diamond lead, which put declarer in his hand with a chance of making the contract if the spades were divided 3-2. If such were the case, South could score his spade king and concede a trick to West's queen. This would give East a choice of losing plays. If he ruffed to return a trump, dummy's spades would be high. And if he let West hold the spade queen, declarer would be certain to make dummy's diamond ace and his own diamond queen separately for his seventh and eighth tricks.

But having nurtured in South's mind the hope of success, Schenken now hit him for the important two-trick set. He ruffed the king of spades and returned his last trump. This marooned the lead in dummy while West got rid of his last low club. The enforced spade lead from dummy gave West the rest of the tricks. It might have seemed that every time Schenken led a trump it cost him a trick, but in fact only the shrewdly calculated repetition of the trump leads set up the situation for a 500-point penalty. **END**

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The Sporting Life at Sea

The pianist played 'Camptown Races,' and our hero took a beating for \$6 in the shipboard pari-mutuels. But somehow he also won a few prizes **by Jack Olsen**



The racetrack at Acbères slid by the window of the Paris-Cherbourg Express, and the nice lady kept right on talking. "Oh, yes, you've made a very wise decision," she said. "By the time you get to New York you'll be a new man." "Is it true they've got all kinds of fun and games on board?" my wife asked.

"Oh, my, yes," said the nice lady, "and I should know. This is my 114th crossing. They've got horse racing and deck tennis and shuffleboard and bridge and swimming and bingo and that shooting thing with the clay targets—"

"Skeet?" I said.

"Skeet, yes. And Ping-Pong and guessing games and who knows what all. And the purser's always arranging tournaments and giving prizes. It's a gay old time."

"Well," my wife said, "we've decided to rest and take it easy on this trip. That's why we're going by ship instead of plane."

"That's right," I said. "No pressures. Just take it easy."

No pressures. We were going to cross the Atlantic in midwinter, from Cherbourg to New York, on R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* and, according to my friends back home, it would be the smartest move ever. For years now I had been winging around the world changing time zones like socks, not knowing whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday or whether I should order the *consoups, emtrecltes or saluborcon*, and it had begun to upset my mental equilibrium, always shaky at best. "*Pardonnez-moi*," I would say to a waiter in Panama City. "*Mi scusi*!" I would say to the hall porter at the Grosvenor House. "*Entschuldigen Sie, bitte*," I would say to a taxi driver in Osaka. Too much travel, too much change, too much confusion. Now there would be five blissful days on the *Queen Elizabeth*, world's largest liner, 83,673 tons of fun and games.

At last the train reached Cherbourg, and we were just in
continued

time to watch the great ship bob toward the wharf, inches at a time, a floating city all lighted and polished and warm in the chill Normandy evening. Oh, what fun we would have. "Where's the skeet?" I asked a young officer as we went aboard.

"The what?"

"The skeet. You know, where you stand on the poop deck and shoot clay pigeons."

"I'm afraid I don't know, sub," he said in a grand English accent. "But I'm sure it's not available in port." He smiled. "We wouldn't want France to think"—he started to laugh out loud—"we wouldn't want France to think"—he could hardly finish the sentence, he was amusing himself so much—"that we're firing on her!"

"Ha-ha," I said, and scuttled to my cabin. I was getting late, and I wanted plenty of rest so that I could get up bright and early for the rest and relaxation of our first day at sea.

I awoke at dawn to a creaking, groaning sound, like a dozen rusty gates being opened and closed. We were in high seas—spindrift whipped past our portholes 30 feet above the waterline—and the ship rolled and pitched and tossed. I jumped out of bed to look for the source of the noise, but it seemed to come from all over. I shook my wife awake.

"What's that racket?" I said.

She sat upright and, with that instant wisdom that has always helied her years, said, "The ship. It's the ship groaning." I was amazed to find that the world's largest liner complained like a colony of squirrels whenever she hit a wave. "You'll get used to it," the old salt said, and went back to sleep.

I observed that a set of papers had been slipped under our door during the night, and I returned to bed to begin my perusal of one of them: "Programme for Today." It told me that there would be all sorts of competitions including "Twenty Questions," "How Many Pages?," "Totalisator on the Ship's Run," "Card Party," "Table Tennis Tournament" and "Bingo." What a day for a competitor! You could compete, compete, compete all day long, and there were prizes for every event! I began laying my plans for becoming the champion of the *Queen Elizabeth*. There were only 100 or so first-class passengers, and most of them were aged or infirm or English. I would beat them in table tennis and deck tennis, shuffleboard and skeet, bridge and bingo. I would beat them on the beaches, and I would beat them on the rooftops. This would be my finest hour. I studied the passenger list to see what kind of competition I was up against.

"Mrs. Battinson" and "Mrs. Garside" looked like no problem: with names like that they were probably retired admirals' wives from Cheltenham, and I didn't look for them to enter any of the competitions except, perhaps, bridge. Nor did I see any clear and present danger coming from "Miss Michele Beiny" or "Master David Beiny." I was slightly concerned about "Mr. Stefan Buzas, R.D.I., A.R.L.B.A., A.A.Dipl., F.S.I.A.," but I concluded that

most men earn their letters either on their sweaters or after their names, not both places, and "Mr. Stefan Buzas, R.D.I., etc." figured to be nonathletic. Whizzer White would not have accepted my reasoning, but then one must deal in probabilities when one is handicapping a passenger list on the North Atlantic.

"Mr. Benson Greenall" sounded like a tough competitor, as did "Mr. Sam Kahan." I could see Sam Kahan on the handball court, all gristle and muscle, beating me into the deck and helping me to my feet after every killing shot. "Mr. Charles Marshall" had a vigorous, sporty sound to it ("Osgood hands off to Charlie Marshall, and Marshall breaks one tackle, another tackle, he's loose at the 50, he's to the 40, the 30, the 20, the 10, he's over! Charlie Marshall scores for Tech!"). But "Mr. Grafton Minot, Mrs. Minot, and Chauffeur and Maid" sounded harmless enough. "Frank R. Schroder," on the other hand, had an ominous sound to it; your Schroders have always been murder at paddle games, and I hoped Frank R. would pass up the table tennis tournament. Likewise for "Hon. George Smathers." I had seen Senator Smathers boarding at Cherbourg. He looked as fit as Jim Ryan, a man to be avoided on the field of competition.

My study over, I turned to another of the slips of paper under the door: "Twenty Questions." The paper said, "A prize will be awarded for the first correct, or nearest correct, solution received at the purser's bureau." The questions were duck soup. By which name is the Sea of Sodom generally known? I put down Red. Who wrote Robinson Crusoe? Daniel Defoe. Which mountains "sweep down to the sea"? Simple: The Andes. Who was the Iron Duke? Marlborough. I was stumped on: Who saw Cock Robin die? My first answer, Mary Queen of Scots, didn't look right. So when the steward came in with breakfast I asked him as offhand as possible: "By the way, steward, apropos of nothing, do you know who saw Cock Robin die?"

He gave me a look. He probably had had a few questions like this before, but not on the first morning out. He pointed to his eye.

"Yes?" I asked.

"No, soh, no soh," he said in some British dialect or other, perhaps Cockney. "Oy. Oy, said the floy. Will that be all soh?" And he walked out looking a little disturbed.

"What'd he say?" I asked my wife.

"He said, 'I, said the fly.' The fly saw Cock Robin die. And if you win you'll have to give him a big tip."

"Oh, I will, I will," I promised. "And it's not a question of if."

One decision had to be made quickly. Two competitions were scheduled simultaneously: bridge and table tennis. Probably the master planners back at Currier's home office had reasoned that the sort of person who could win a cerebral game like bridge would not be the sort who could win at a muscle sport like table tennis. They had not reckoned on the appearance of a Renaissance man like me.

"Which should I enter?" I asked my wife.
 "I thought you were going to rest and relax," she said.
 "Well, winning things is rest and relaxation for me," I told her. "Now, which should I enter?"
 "Are you as good at Ping-Pong as you are at bridge?"
 "Even better."

"My goodness," said my wife sneeringly, "what could he better than perfection?" This attitude is nothing new to me; the noncompetitors are always sitting around waiting to zing the competitors. Let them have their fun, is my motto.

Three tables were set up on the starboard side of the promenade deck, and when I arrived to enter the tournament two Englishmen were whacking the daylight out of the ball, cutting and chopping and playing like champions. I was ready to withdraw quietly from this foolish competition when a young assistant purser informed me that the two men were ship's musicians and ineligible for the tournament. "All right," I said, "I'll play." I warmed up with an American woman. I lobbed the ball over the net politely, and she snapped it right back at the speed of light.

She slammed everything I hit. She had no shots, only the slam, and it was all forehand and all-powerful. She took up a position sideways to the table and returned my lobs with a stroke that came out like a snake's tongue. *Whack!* *Whack!* She was wearing a special pair of deck shoes—the crew, in its infinite wisdom, had arranged to have the deck swabbed just before the tournament—and while I slid and slipped around in my loafers this woman was as firm and secure in her plimsolls as though she were planted. I strongly suspected her of being an international table-tennis hustler or Dick Miles in drag.

Six of us lined up for final instructions from the young one-striper. My heart was pounding with excitement, but I returned quickly to earth when I heard the officer announce: "Of course, there will be a five-point handicap for the ladies." Yeh, I said to myself. *Of course. Let's be fair about this. Let's be real Lameys about it.*

We drew for opponents and, to my relief, I caught a little Englishman, while somebody else played the American bombardier.

I approached the warmup with all my native cunning. I would wind up like Pancho Gonzalez and propel the ball half a mile down the sloping deck. Then I would relax while my opponent gave chase. (If you want some genuinely fatiguing exercise sometime, try running up and down on a bucking deck.) If the Englishman hit the ball deep to my forehand (of which there is little or none), I would catch it in midair and call, "Out!" At the same time I would compliment him on his every movement and try to make it look as though winning and losing were minor matters to a sportsman like me. I gave it the old nonchalant, all the while trying to figure out how to cut the blood out of him. And by the time the game started I had him psyched out of his shoes. He must have taken me for a supersar whose big slam was just a touch off but who in the pressure of the



DRAWINGS BY RICHARD BARGER

The steward pointed to his eye. "Oy, said the flax," he said. But what did that have to do with who saw Cock Robin die?

actual contest would achieve a pinpoint perfection. So he pit-patted the ball, happy just to return it, and I would pit-pat it back till he would pit-pat one into the net.

My second-round opponent was an even easier matter. "I watched you play," he said after we were introduced. "Come, come, old chap, tell the truth. You're not a passenger at all, are you? You're the captain in disguise! Isn't that right?"

Can you believe it? He was trying to give me the old Stephen Potter! And when the match started I realized why. His game was totally devoid of a serve. He would hang the ball up in the air like the moon over Miami, and all you had to do was put it away. All he had going for him was gamesmanship, my own specialty, and I walloped him two straight games to win my way to the finals of the whole ship, 83,673 tons and all.

To my utter incredulity, the other finalist was not the American lady with the cannon-shot. It developed that my opponent, an Englishman named Belfrage, had discovered some flaw in the lady's game and eliminated her in the first round. Now how in the world could I beat him when he had beaten her? As it happened, the Great Tournament Director in the Sky provided the answer.

Gradually the weather had thickened, and by late afternoon, as we prepared to play the finals, the ship was rolling and rocking with such intensity that it was no mean task to get a decent serve over the net. "Dirty weather ahead," the assistant purser said. "I think we're in for a bit of a blow." He looked positively overjoyed.

Visibility was almost down to nothing on the long stretch
continued



In the finals the ship was rolling and rocking with such intensity that it was no mean task to get a serve over the net.

of deck when we rallied for serve, and the single orange bulb above the table did little to help matters. I observed that Belfrage was a precision player, one of those sharks whose game depends on being able to put the ball exactly on the last quarter inch of the table or dropping a vicious chop barely over the net, where the ball dies as the opponent makes a futile, mad lunge. I could see that the poor conditions were bound to affect the precisely skilled Belfrage far more than they would affect a player whose offensive strategy was simply to get, get, get till the other fellow made a mistake. Needless to say, I polished off the frustrated Belfrage, a far superior player, and won the tournament. "May I extend the ship's congratulations?" the one-striper said, but he didn't mean it. I had invented a craven new technique for winning shipboard table-tennis tournaments. I hereby dub it "the little game." Let the players with the big game and the big serve flail away, and let them break a leg.

On the way back to the cabin, I passed the display for the How Many Pages? contest, which consisted of a sealed copy of the massive London post office directory and a box for entries. I jotted down, "2,734 pp.," signed my name and hurried back to the cabin to tell my wife all the details of the table tennis.

My wife can get more scorn and venom into the simple words "big deal" than any other living American. After the argument, the chief dining-room steward dropped by to remind us that we were invited to take our meals at the commodore's table. The *Queen Elizabeth* is so grand that her captain not only is master of his ship, but also is the boss of the whole Cunard fleet: Commodore G. T. Marr, D.S.C., R.D. (Cr. R.N.R., Rtd.), and to be invited to his table means that you have been singled out as a very important person or that the clever Cunarders suspect you are cranking up to write something about them. In either

event we were in trouble. "What does the commodore expect us to wear?" I asked.

"Any black suit will do, suh."

"But I didn't bring any black suit or any formal clothes, either."

"Well, suh, you can get by with any dark suit, suh."

"What if you didn't bring any dark suit? What if you didn't bring any suit at all?"

This left the chief dining-room steward momentarily speechless. Never was the gulf between England and America more apparent, I could see that he simply could not assimilate the idea of an adult male human sailing first class on the *Queen Elizabeth* without a suit. The English take the garbage out in suits.

"Well, suh," he said finally, backing slowly away, "whatever you wish, suh. It will be quite all right, suh."

After he left, my wife pointed out, with all due respect to Commodore Marr, that the last place we wanted to sit was at his table. "Three times a day you'll get all nervous and upset," she said with her usual cruel accuracy, "and you'll end up more jumpy than ever."

I buzzed for my friend and confidant, the cabin steward.

"It's like this, steward," I said. "We've been invited to eat at the commodore's table. What should we do?"

I was sure that the cabin steward had long since sized me up as the type who should be steered far clear of the commodore, and I was right. "In a manner of speakin'," he said, "it's a bit toit there, suh. You know what oy mean, suh? If you want to 'ave a relaxin' toim of it, that's not your cuppa tea, suh, is it?"

"How do I get out of it?" I asked.

"Well, suh, just go to the chief doinin'-room steward and graciously declin."

We descended to the dining room two decks below. It looked like a vast and beautiful restaurant at 3 in the morning. There were so few passengers that four out of five tables were vacant. A forlorn string ensemble lofted waltzes and gavottes over the empty air. The chief dining-room steward, resplendent in a formal coat down to his knees, beamed and approached.

"Excuse me, chief," I said, not knowing exactly how to address him, "but could we graciously decline the commodore's invitation?"

He never batted an eye. He and the commodore both were probably relieved. "Of course you may gratefully decline," he said. It always gives me a big thrill to have my English polished up in public.

Later I was lounging around the cabin in my undershorts, trying not to be sick, telling my wife about the table-tennis victory to keep my mind off the turbulent seas, when there was a brief knock at the door, and the cabin steward walked in. "Well, you 'ad a big die, didn't you, suh?" he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, you won two prizes!" The London post office directory, it developed, had 2,760 pages, and my guess of

2,734 had won that contest, to... Class will out. In marched a beaming stewardess with the spoils: two elaborately wrapped packages. In one was a half-pint pewter tankard, with the seal of R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* glued to its side, emblematic of table-tennis supremacy on the high seas, and in the other was a silvery rod with a shooehorn at one end and a miniature live-iron at the other. "Oh, how nice!" I said. "I always wanted one."

"Congratulations again, sir," the steward said, "and remember, there's a Church of England service in the morning if you'd look to go."

My wife said softly, "Is there a prize?"

By the light of the next dawn, I lay abed and read the ship's newspaper, *The Ocean Teller*. We were running at slackened speed through a roar of waves and swells, and the cabin was creaking noisily. It was a good day to be sick, but I was not going to give the North Atlantic the satisfaction. The sports section of the paper contained the news that Rue de Paris had won the Cubley Handicap Chase, the West Indies scored 421 and 25 for two in cricket and Philadelphia had beaten St. Louis 124-113 in a baseball game. A thousand miles from land in a stormy sea, I was comforted to know that some things are constant: the Cardinals were still having trouble with their pitching.

By now I had learned that certain athletic events were impossible on the North Atlantic in winter, and among these were shuffleboard, skeet, deck tennis and badminton. Any-one who attempted any of these outdoor activities would be brought in, a solid hunk of salty ice, after about five minutes of clinging to the nearest davit. Another casualty of the trip, this one the result of the foreshortened winter-passenger list, was the daily gambling action over the number of miles covered by the ship in the last 24 hours. One morning the pool blackboard announced, "Cancelled due to lack of support," and on two other mornings the total pot was \$5, less 10% to seamen's charities. What a disappointment that this most exciting gambling event was washed out. Why, men had jumped overboard just to slow the ship down and collect on "low field," and one had lost \$6,000 that way, not to mention his life.

But as compensation there was Joe Payne, the ship's squash instructor. We played every day, and Joe was a master psychologist, letting me score just enough points to keep up my interest. His favorite shot would go to the front wall and then skitter back along the side wall so that you had to scrape it off with your racquet. "Roll down the old tram-lion!" Joe would say. One day he beat me 9-2 and then let me beat him 9-0, all the time making me believe the game was on the level, and just as I was about to announce that I was turning pro he ran nine straight shots down the old tram-line and all but ended my career. While I lay there gasping for air, Joe explained that the trick to being a pro was to play the opponent's game. He said he sometimes encountered older players who would specify that all Joe's returns must be hit to a certain quarter of the court. "Then when

they beat me they'll say, 'Your game's fallin' off a bit, Joe!'"

Another fun event was horse racing in the Middships Bar. I showed up with a heavy bankroll, not knowing what to expect, and found a long table covered with green felt marked off in blocks and six wooden horses waiting at the starting line. The game was played with dice—if the dice showed two 6s, for example, the No. 6 horse was advanced two spaces, and so on till the mad frenzy of the race was over. The betting was on a pari-mutuel basis, and the announcer was a ship's officer given to such phrases as "It's the 4 horse again! There's just no holding this horse! He's jet-propelled!" A burly A.B. moved the horses according to the fall of the dice, and his face showed what he thought of all these old wrecks playing horse race in the middle of the ocean. The pianist played *Camptown Races*, and I took a beating for \$6.

In the middle of the race card, one of the officers announced that the commodore wished to interrupt with a very important message. The seas had been getting wilder and wilder—ropes had been strung along the passageways for the benefit of the less athletic passengers—and it was rumored that worse weather awaited us as we approached the coast of Newfoundland. There was a hush as the commodore strode toward the microphone.

"I would like to ask your cooperation in a very important matter," he began. "As you know, the fancy head-dress parade is tomorrow night, and so far we have very few entries." Commodore G. T. Marr, D.S.C., R.D. (Cr. R.N.R., Rtd.), paused for emphasis and said, "Now we're not looking for Lilly Daché creations. Stick a straw in your hair and come as the last straw. There are prizes for everyone. Anybody who doesn't win a prize has my personal guarantee of a £5 note from my own pocket." The commodore thanked us for our attention and stepped down.

continued



There he sat, toying with the deck with tapering fingers and the touch of a Blackstone—an international card hustler!

The next day I overcame my resistance and sat in for a cheery afternoon of bridge à la *Queen Elizabeth*. I had refused to play since losing a \$20,000 tournament in Las Vegas (SI, Nov. 14, 1966), where a friend and I had been defeated by some of the best players in the world (and some of the worst). In the shipboard game, I found myself the partner of an Englishwoman of indeterminate age who opened the bidding three straight times with two-bids, the most powerful bids in the game. Each time she wound up having about half as many cards as she should have had. So when she made another two-bid, I quickly dropped her cold. "My goodness, partner," she said as she spread her hand for a small slam. "How could you drop me? *The two-bid is the most powerful bid in the game!*"

At the next table sat a typical midwestern woman with a rock-crushing voice; she was one of those elderly ladies who feel that it is their continuing duty to tell the whole world how to turn on its axis. She bossed the game the way Huey Long bossed Louisiana. She told opponents and partners alike what they did wrong after every hand. She interpreted bids and conventions, assessed penalties, puzzled aloud over finesses, and once in a while was correct. For fear of cutting her for a partner and being tried at sea for assault, I quietly slipped away from the bridge action.

The weather had grown calm, but I was down in the dumps. We were fast approaching New York, and I had not won a prize since the first day out. I had entered the Missing Link contest, a guessing game in which one takes a stab at the number of links in a long chain curled in a box on the prom deck. There were 2,865 links. I had guessed 2,734, the same number as my winning effort in the How Many Pages? event, but some ringer beat me out with 2,850.

I had given up in the daily quiz games ever since a certain passenger had scored a perfect 26 out of 26 in a game called The Alphabetical Quiz. To score this perfect card the certain passenger had to know the words for "heavy, curved knife of the Guekhas," "surgical instrument for scraping bones," "the lowest deck of a vessel having three or more decks," "circular frame on which silk is embroidered" and 22 similarly simple matters. Either that winner was a genius, or the reference books in the ship's library had taken a pounding. I did not want to win by such means and, besides, the ship's library was closed by the time I caught on.

On the last evening of the voyage I was looking around for a competition to win, any competition, when I strolled by chance through the card room. There sat an aging man riffling a deck of cards with long, tapering fingers and the touch of a Blackstone. "I say!" he said loudly. "Am I glad to see you, old fellow! How about a game of gin rummy?"

"Why not?" I said.

"Thought I'd die of boredom," he said as he fingered the cards. "Half a cent all right?"

"Sure," I said.

We whizzed through three games of gin, Hollywood

scoring, in record time, and I was quickly \$6.40 ahead. In the first game of the next triplicate I noticed that he picked up a 3 of diamonds from the open deck and discarded it a few rounds later, a very dubious practice in gin, and repeated this sort of childish error several times more. By the end of the game I was something like \$12 to the good and beginning to smell a rat. "I say, old chap," he announced, "why don't we stop this fencing around and get down to business. How about 2¢ a point?"

Aha! The ax falls! Here, seated before me, was that *renowned* international card hustler! Why, they were as anachronistic as spats. I looked around for an alarm button or a ship's officer or somebody. But we were alone. I was shaking. "Er, uh, well," I said, "let me think about it."

"You're playing on my money, sir," the con man said.

All at once I saw a way out. I would play him for 2¢ a point until he had won back his \$12 and *not a single hand* longer. "O.K.," I said. "Deal."

I watched intently as he shuffled and dealt. At one point I thought he dealt himself a second, but I couldn't be sure, and toward the end he dropped one of my cards on the floor and made an elaborate show of not looking at it as he pushed it over to me. He must have thought I was stupid to let him get away with such blunt moves.

On the first hand I knocked with four and caught him with two queens. I ginned on the next hand and undercut him on the third, and before you could say Titanic Thompson I had him on a schneid on all three games. I wondered when he would strike, and I had to admire the way he was setting me up for the kill.

Just as I was dealing the next hand, a woman in a starkly cut suit came barging into the room. "There you are!" she said, pointing a bony finger at my opponent. "I've been looking all over for you."

"But—"

"Don't 'but' me!" she cried, and grabbed him by the arm. I tried to stay busy by adding up the score. "How much does he owe you?" she said to me.

"Oh, call it \$18," I said in a voice shaking with trepidation.

She counted the money out of a purse as big as a satchel and led the man out the door, turning at the last second to make a word at me with her mouth. I'm pretty sure the word was "Shame!" Anyway, I know it wasn't "thanks" or "congratulations" or anything like that. I sat there quaking and alone. Imagine my dismay. I had met the rarest of all: an international card loser!

We doctored the next morning, and the authorities made a big show out of examining my pewter tankard and my combination shoehorn and five-iron. "Where'd you get these?" a customs hotshot asked.

"I won 'em on the ship," I said.

"Yeah, sure you did," he said. I could have rapped him right in the mouth, but I felt too ashamed of myself. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA. PHILADELPHIA (26-10), with four straight victories, matched an effort in the East to eight and a half games in a 111-113 win over the Royals, who Chamberlain tossed in 36 points—the individual high in the league this season. **BOSTON** (46-17) fended its way out bed to catch the Nets, getting only one victory in four games. **NEW YORK** (31-34), following two losses, defeated both the Hawks and Royals by one point and also seven straight last-place losses, claimed a place in the playoffs. In beating the Royals, however, the Knicks lost Dick Barnett, their No. 3 scorer (17 points overnight), for the season when he ruptured an Achilles tendon. **CINCINNATI** (22-34) lost three of five, while last-place **BALTIMORE** (18-50) won twice, lost twice. **SAN FRANCISCO** (26-34) had its last tie to eight in the West by winning three in a row. **Rocky** scored 32 points in a 128-124 victory over the Bulls, and in a first game against the Celtics, there was a 19 and 20 ST. LOUIS (11-14) split four games, three of them one-point decisions. **LOS ANGELES** (27-44) dropped two of three. **DETROIT** (25-40) lost three of four, and **CHICAGO** (24-43) broke an eight-game losing streak with a 133-119 win over the Lakers.

COLLEGE—UTICA GRENADIERES, skipped by Mr. Stanley Rosen, defeated the Washburn (Ill.) Cardinals by one state to win the U.S. women's championship in Chicago.

DOG SHOW—A 350-year-old black Scotch terrier, **CH. BARBENIE BINGO**, owned by Elizabeth H. Scott of Crestwood, Wash., and handled by Bob Burton, also of Crestwood, was named best-in-show at the 91st Westminster Kennel Club show in New York. Other finalists were **Ch. Fervent Ragdoll**, Ariz., an Old English sheepdog—scottish greyhound cross; **Ch. Aloha Marlene**, a standard poodle—australian greyhound cross; **Leader's Little Black & Rose**, a Pomeranian—greyhound; **Ch. Aloha's Blue Dream**, an Afghan—hound group; **Ch. Nobby's Armistead**, an English springer spaniel—springer group.

GOLF—ARNOLD PALMER won his second tournament of the season when he totaled 275 in the 72-hole 540,000 Tucson Open to beat Chuck Connors of La Jolla, Calif. by one stroke.

HOCKEY—NHL. CHICAGO'S (24-13-42) 15-game season streak finally ended when the Rangers defeated the Hawks 4-1. The next night Chicago lost to the Rangers again 3-2, and the Hawks' lead slipped to 12 points over NEW YORK (25-49-8).

which lost to the Maple Leafs 6-0 earlier in the week. **MONTREAL** (22-22-37), seven points behind the Rangers in third place, dropped two of three games while **TORONTO** (10-25-41) was eight points further back in fourth, won two. **DETROIT** (22-26-15), with three defeats and one win, fell from fourth to 10th, and last-place **BOSTON** (15-32-17) was two of three.

HORSE RACING—Rocky Bill Boland hosted home a surprise winner in the \$125,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Hialeah when he kept **RING TWICE** (5:24.20) on front all the way and won by five lengths over Starbuck, an even-money favorite. **Advocate** came in eighth and last.

SWIMMING—French prizefighter took a tumble both on the slopes and off Team from Australia, Switzerland and West Germany withdrew out of the pre-Olympic Championships in Chamonix, France because of what they felt was unacceptable housing accommodations. That Norway's **HARALD MOGE** N. knocked the French by winning the men's slalom, French skiers, though, dominated the rest of the race, as **FLORIANE SIEURER** took the women's slalom, **ISABELLE NIER** the women's downhill, and World Champion **JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY** the men's downhill.

SWISS SKATING—STEN KAISER, a Dutch police clerk, won the 1,000, 1,500, and 3,000-meter races to gain the overall title in the Women's World championships in Denver, The Netherlands. The surprise of the meet was the splendid showing of the U.S., led by Deanne Holman, 15, of Northbrook, Ill., and Mary Meyer, 21, of St. Paul, Minn. Holman, who finished third overall, won bronze medals in the 500 and 1,000 meters, was 10th in the 1,500 and ninth in the 3,000. Mary Meyer, 19th overall, scored the biggest split of the championships when she won the 500. Also surprising was the collapse of the Russian girls, who did not win a single race and who, for the first time since 1952, did not win the overall title.

TENNIS—CHARLES PASARELL of Puerto Rico and **BILLIE JEAN KING** of Long Beach, Calif., successfully defended their U.S. indoor titles. Pasarell became the first champion to repeat indoors since Greg Mankin in 1958. He won his best Arthur Ashe 11-11, 6-3, 5-6, 9-7 in a 2-hour 43-minute final in Salisbury, Md. Mrs. King needed only 12 minutes to defeat Tracy Gormston of The Netherlands 6-1, 6-0 in Washington, Md.

TRACK & FIELD—GERRY LINDGREN of Washington State beat Australian Ron Clarke by 15 yards in the 100-meter run at the Golden Gate Invitational meet in San Francisco (page 43), while **JOE ESHLEMAN** of Stanford won the 200-yard race with a leap of 16' 10 1/2". At the Cleveland R.C. meet, however, **BOB SEAGRAN** of USC broke his new world indoor 200-meter record by winning by whom he cleared 17' 3". Three other world marks were set at the Mission Beach Games on Los Angeles's 250-yard track. **TOMMYE BISHOP** of San Jose State won the 440 in 46.2, ignoring Thorne Lewis's 100-year-old record by 3 seconds; **TOM VON RUDEN** of the Ohio Track Club cleared 4' 8 1/2 inches over Tom Farrel's 1905 mark with a 1.40 in the 800, and the male relay team from **SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY** of Baton Rouge (Glover Ford, Everett Meyer, Bob Johnson and Anthony Gains, who ran a 44.7 inch per leg finished in 1:02.2. That beaten by 9 seconds the record set by Texas Tech in 1945 and last by Southern U. But relay **ABBY HOFFMAN** of Toronto won the women's 880 in 2:08.4 at the Achilles International meet in Vancouver, B.C., bettering by 1 second Doris Brown's mark of two weeks ago. Miss Brown of Seattle, meanwhile, broke her own record in the mile with a 4:49.4. **DYRRE BULLER** of Albany, Ore. took the lead on the final lap of the mile run in Vancouver and won in 4:01.4, as Ken Clarke finished fourth. One-fourth of a second was clipped off the U.S. 50-yard low-hurdle record by **LEE ADAMS** of Kansas, who ran a 6.6 at the Kansas State Federation meet in Lawrence, Kan., while freshman **JOE RYAN** won the 100 in 16.42. In a dual meet against Oklahoma in Lawrence the day before, Ryant, who beat both the 100 and 200, finished fourth in the U.S. 400. He won in 1:07.58, as he came in 10th and lost in the eighth round won by Oklahoma's **JOE SHILL** 1:09 in a 11.7. Voluntary **DAN PATRICK** won the first sub-four-minute mile of the season, winning the Butler Mile at the New York A.C. Games in 3:59.3.

WILDERNESS—HIRED. An inmate manager of the San Diego Chapter, **IRVING KAZZ**, 40, former director of publicity for the A.S.L.

SELECTED. For health's Hall of Fame in a special runoff election, **Powder CHARLES (R.D.) RUFFING**, 62, who won 273 games during his 22-year career.

DIED. **JOE CAMPANELLA**, 36, general manager of the Baltimore Colts, of a heart attack while playing football with Coach Don Shula in Baltimore.

DIED. **EVERETT MORRIS**, 67, swimming coach of the New York World Jockey Club, died of a heart attack of the Fountains Yacht Club 55, Feb. 13, and the author of numerous books on sailing, of a heart attack at his home in Port Washington, N.Y.

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4—Richard Mead, 24-19; Bob Mulford, 30-22; James Davis, 24-14; Ben Haskins, 20-19; Tony Trejo, 33-19; Walter Jones, 34, 35—Bob Peterson, 35—Wynne Wilson for Jayce Adams, 40—Dore Kupper, 40—46—John G. Zimmerman, 49—Shirley, 41—42—62—Jim Ralston, 42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233—1234—1235—1236—1237—1238—1239—1240—1241—1242—1243—1244—1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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. BOSTON COLLEGE (16-3) 2. PRINCETON (20-2) 3. SYRACUSE (19-2)

It had been eight years since BOSTON COLLEGE last beat Providence and Coach Bob Cousy had lost four straight to Joe Mullaney, his old Holy Cross teammate. No wonder, then, that it sounded like New Year's Eve in BC's Roberts Center when the Eagles led by 17 points after 5:21 of the second half. Quick little Billy Evans, ball handling and passing like a pro quarterback, and Steve Adelman, firing in long and medium jumpers, led the BC assault while a tight 2-3 zone shut off Jimmy Walker and the other Friars. Then Walker went to work. Dribbling deftly for position, he shot over the zone for 20 points in the next 12 minutes, and pretty soon he had Providence ahead 76-73. But big Willie Wolters put in four foul shots and a layup to get BC back in the game, and Jack Kvanec's two free throws with 34 seconds to go won for the Eagles 83-82. Walker finished with 33 points, Adelman with 31, but Mullaney raved about Evans. "We pressured him, we did everything," he said admiringly, "but still he passed over us."

There was bedlam at CORNELL, too, where 8,000 jammed into Barton Hall in great expectation. Princeton (page 29) was unbeaten in the Ivy League and ranked third in the nation, but the Tigers had been having their troubles lately and the Big Red had won nine in a row. Sure enough, Cornell stayed right with Princeton on the shooting of Walter Esdaile, and pulled ahead in the last three minutes to win 62-56.

Right now, SYRACUSE is the hottest team in the East. The Orange had 12 straight after walloping Colgate 100-86 and Georgetown 108-95 on 27 points by Richie Cornwell and 26 by Rick Dean. It was a harrowing week for St. John's. The Redmen survived an unruly display by Villanova's home fans—they hurled cans at the officials and chanted loud curses—to beat the Wildcats 59-52, then trounced Niagara 66-48 at home and squeaked past old rival Fordham 54-52 on John Warren's two foul shots. The Villanova affair had some drastic repercussions. School authorities switched the Wildcats' final home game to Providence. Villanova's players, who were not involved, went about their business. They edged Canisius 47-44 and knocked off La Salle 68-59 to win Philadelphia's Big Five title. TEMPLE polished off Delaware 66-48 and Navy 92-70,

It has not been much of a season for NYU but Mal Graham, an acrobatic shooter who leads the nation in scoring, pided up 45 points as the Violets upset Manhattan 76-63. ARMY, however, beat NYU 68-55. Rutgers also lost to the Cadets 77-59 in between victories over Navy 83-49 and Delaware 95-72.

THE SOUTH 1. WESTERN KENTUCKY (20-1) 2. NORTH CAROLINA (18-3) 3. TENNESSEE (17-4)

TENNESSEE's Ray Meers likes his offense and defense disciplined, and you had better not make a mistake against his team. The patient Vols proved that last Saturday in Knoxville. They were wrapped in a tense 24-20 struggle with Vanderbilt for the SEC lead when suddenly the Commodores let up momentarily. In less than a minute Tom Hendrix rebounded his own shot, Bill Justus beat Vandy's Tommy Hagen twice one-on-one, and Tennessee had a 10-point lead. Vanderbilt never recovered, and the Vols won 70-53. "We just played our game," said Meers. CLEMSON's little Bobby Roberts had the ACC in a dither. His team beat Duke 73-68 for the first time in five years and then the Tigers went after North Carolina, the ACC leader. The Tar Heels had won a couple of easy ones, over North Carolina State 77-60 and South Carolina 80-55, and Roberts figured they were ready to be taken. They were, too. Only two Carolina starters and one Clemson regular were left at the end—all the others fouled out—but Randy Mahaffey threw in 31 points and Clemson finished on top 92-88. "We were loose and relaxed, fat and happy," grumbled Carolina's Dean Smith. "There's a fine line between confidence and complacency."

With or without ailing Clem Haskins, WESTERN KENTUCKY is just too strong for its Ohio Valley neighbors. Butch Kaufman, Greg Smith and Wayne Chapman took over the scoring as Western trimmed Tennessee Tech 80-71 and Morehead 86-65 for its 20th consecutive win. WEST VIRGINIA had a lock on the Southern Conference regular-season title after beating Richmond 105-91 and George Washington 94-73, but it was an uncomfortable week for two tournament-conscious independents. EAST CAROLINA pulled a stall on Virginia Tech and played it out for a 43-33 victory. TULANE caught Georgia Tech with its defenses lagging and took the Yellow Jackets 74-71. But MISSISSIPPI STATE won twice, over Loyola of New

Orleans 52-46 and Creighton 74-66, while DARTON beat Loyola 101-71.

THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (22-2) 2. KANSAS (17-3) 3. TOLEDO (18-1)

The way teams have been popping in and out of the Big Ten lead lately the conference may never get a clear champion. Northwestern lost twice, to IOWA 80-75 and INDIANA 81-79, while IOWA was shocked by WISCONSIN 96-95 in triple overtime. So last week it WAS MICHIGAN STATE's turn to come back from the dead. The Spartans whipped Indiana 86-77, and then, with three seconds to go and Minnesota leading 66-65, Steve Rymal fired a 34-footer toward the basket. Lee Lafayette leaped and rammed the ball through the hoop, and Michigan State won 67-66 to join the Hoosiers at the top. That winning shot aroused Minnesota's Johnny Kundie. "It was just tending," he fumed. "I want to protest."

What everyone expected to be a Missouri Valley showdown between LOUISVILLE and Tulsa turned out to be a breeze for the Cards. They slapped through Tulsa's extended zone for easy baskets, and almost before the Hugs-



FLYING ORANGEMAN Rick Dean sails in for a layup as Syracuse beats Colgate, first of two wins enhancing its tournament hopes.

ricans knew it they were behind 26-11. Busch Board scored 25 points, Wesley Unseld grabbed 15 rebounds and Louisville won 82-64 to clinch a tie for the title.

KANSAS fans sang out the number of times Oklahoma State passed the ball before shooting, and once the court hit 22. Then, characteristically, the Cowboys missed a layup. Still they were only seven points down at half time. So Kansas switched to a rarely used full-court man-to-man press to speed things up, outscored State 10-0 and went on to win 52-39. Oklahoma tried a zone against the Jayhawks, and it gave them a hard time—until Ron Franz and Jo Jo White shot it apart. Kansas won 82-74. NEBRASKA, a game behind in the Big Eight, beat Iowa State 76-65, but Colorado, another challenger, was two games out—as was KANSAS STATE—after losing to the Wildcats 55-33 in overtime.

TOLEDO rolled on in the Mid-American. The glimmering Rockets, fired up by Steve Mita's talented shooting, swept Bowling Green 103-83 and Northern Illinois 84-71. MARSHALL, despite the ejection of bully-boy George Stone for being careless with his elbows, outmuscled Miami of Ohio 66-61 to take second place. Independent MARGUERITE had its ear cocked for a tournament bid after beating Xavier 71-69 and Wisconsin-Milwaukee 90-80. TOYOTA of Chicago had no hope, though, even after taking St. Louis 88-43 and Wichita State 92-81. But the brash-est optimist of all was NOTRE DAME's Johnny Dec. Although his team was 11-13 after beating Butler 57-48 and losing to BRADLEY 94-89, Dec insisted, "I think the NCAA ought to consider us for the tournament. If we get in we'll get to the finals."

THE WEST 1. UCLA (21-0) 2. UTAH STATE (18-1) 3. PACIFIC (17-3)

Can you imagine UCLA, with Lew Alcindor and all those flashy shooters, holding the ball? Well, Coach Johnny Wooden had a surprise for Oregon. The Ducks, behind 18-14 after a first half in which they attacked very deliberately, suddenly found themselves sawing in their own game. For the first eight minutes of the second half the Bruins played catch and never took a shot. Then Mike Warren was fouled, missed the free throw and Alcindor put in the rebound. Seven minutes later UCLA took its second shot, a driving layup by Lucius Allen. After that the Bruins speeded things up. Alcindor scored only 12 points, but UCLA won 34-25. The next night against normally cautious Oregon State, the Bruins played it straight. They simply put more pressure on the Beavers. Alcindor had 28 points and 23 rebounds, and UCLA coasted home 72-50. But Wooden had a warning for future stallers. "The way things are going," he said, "I'll do it again under similar circumstances."

Meanwhile the battle for second place in the Pacific Eight raged on. WASHINGTON STATE beat California twice 75-67 and 85-81, and WASHINGTON took Stanford 79-73 and 85-82 for its sixth in a row. Then STANFORD upset Washington State 71-70 in overtime, and CALIFORNIA whipped Washington 87-73. USC won over Oregon State 72-63 and Oregon 73-70.

The races were just about over in the West Coast AC and the Western AC. PACIFIC had a two-game lead in the WCAC after SANTA CLARA upset San Francisco 64-62, and the Tigers, with muscular Keith Swagerty sweeping the boards for 27 rebounds, buried St. Mary's 98-62. Utah gave BRIGHAM YOUNG a tussle, but the Cougars held on for a 61-60 victory. That put the Utes out of the running in the WAC and left BYU 1½ games ahead of WYOMING, which beat Arizona State 78-72 and Arizona 68-59. New Mexico was out of it, too, after losing to ARIZONA 70-64.

UTAH STATE, an easy 86-63 winner over Portland, may be the area's leading independent, but NEW MEXICO STATE has to be the most amazing. The Aggies, who lost 22 times last year, upset Texas Western again, 64-53, and were now 14-8 for the season. They flustered the Miners with an aggressive 1-2-2 zone press that held TW to only two field goals in the first half and double-teamed "Big Daddy D" Lartin to distraction. "Our little kids just did a job on them," said Coach Lou Henson happily.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (19-3) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (17-5) 3. SMU (15-5)

The runners-up in the Southwest Conference—TEXAS and TCU—were full of hope when low-place TEXAS TECH upset SMU 82-74. Texas, however, got whacked by BAYLOR 101-75, but TCU almost had the Mustangs. Wayne Kerris gave the Frogs an 83-83 tie, with 41 seconds to go. Then SMU went into a stall. TCU came out of its full-court zone press for the first time and, with seven seconds to play, overzealous Mickey McCarthy fouled Charlie Beasley. Beasley calmly dropped in the two free throws to win for the Mustangs 85-83, and they had a two-game lead with four games left. "I expect they'll go all the way now," predicted TCU's Buster Brannon sadly.

TEXAS WESTERN, back home in friendly El Paso, finally got some help for its sagging backcourt. Sophomore Kerry John shot seven for seven field goals, and the Miners beat Seattle 80-54. But no one had a week like HOUSTON's big Elvin Hayes, and the Cougars thrived on it. Hayes scored 38 points in an 87-80 victory over Creighton, 30 against St. Mary's of Texas as Houston won 122-58, and 38 more when the Cougars trounced Miami of Florida 105-86. **END**



Amphora

isn't always Brown

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

JUDGMENT DAY

Sirs:

I think Tex Maule's account of the championship fight between Muhammad Ali and Ernie Terrell (*Crawl Ali with All the Skills*, Feb. 13) was degrading to the champion Maule speaks of Ali as vindictive and of the fight as being "a wonderful demonstration of boxing skill and a barbarous display of cruelty." Boxing is cruel, boxers are vindictive and life is gray, not black and white.

MIKE FRANZINI

Portsmouth, Va.

Sirs:

He is ridiculed for what he says and for what he doesn't say. He is rebuked for his religious beliefs and the company he keeps. He has been called an extremist and a traitor to his country. Isn't it time we silenced our insults and recognized Cassius Clay for what he is, the finest heavyweight in a decade?

MICHAEL BEAMISH

Cookville, Ont.

Sirs:

Muhammad Ali apologized over TV for his conduct during the eighth round of his recent championship fight with Ernie Terrell. It was not necessary. If the American public is going to judge a fighter's character and public image, in addition to judging his talents, then it is grossly unfair and unjust to fail to shed sufficient light on the many things that contribute to a person's character. Anyone who denounces Ali's Black Muslim affiliation, without making it clear, beyond any shadow of doubt, that the Black Muslims are a strong reaction to everything that is shameful in America, demonstrates a blatant lack of integrity. We have Black Muslims because we also have "Black Christianity," "Black justice," "black democracy," "black Judaism," "black dual-standards" and "black opportunity." In becoming a priest in the Episcopal Church, I, a Negro, have reacted to "black America" by attempting to make it white (not to be confused with "whitewashing").

Muhammad Ali has been severely criticized for his alleged unpatriotic statements. If more of us, black and white, spoke with equal candor, Ali's statements would represent an overwhelming majority. It's just that we believe in "popular," or "proper" declarations, which parallel Ali's Cause but fail to produce his effect.

I was in the U.S. Air Force for three years and received an honorable discharge in 1949. If Uncle Sam called me again to the service of my country, I wouldn't even insist that I go in as a chaplain (who, as a rule, enjoys noncombat status). I wouldn't even ask for time to pick up my toothbrush. But

that certainly doesn't mean that I relish the idea of cutting off my earthly career, prematurely, when I think it can be avoided. I have not accrued the wealth that Ali presumably has, but I have accrued enough comforts, skills, knowledge, spiritual depth and wealth, security and happiness to want to continue enjoying them.

I wish my parishioners would be a little more like Ali—outspoken. The universal church I serve is branded as being out of date or ineffective. If it appears to be so, it is because we ministers are seldom "permitted" to deal with significant and honest problems—only with what people choose to expose of themselves (which is pitifully little). So Ali gives a grand exposé of what so many of us really think and, instead of dealing charitably with it, we clobber him.

We owe Ali an apology; he doesn't owe the public a damned thing (besides those disciplines we all owe a civilized society). When any man climbs into a ring and risks getting his brains scrambled—in a day when brains are valued above all else—for our entertainment, we can ill afford to brand or humiliate him. Ali is everybody—unrestrained. Our world would be better if we had more clay pigeons to shoot at rather than the hidden terrors we face.

THE REV. LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.

Church of the Advent (Episcopal)

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Your Feb. 6 cover is superb, except that the title, "The Big Fight: Clay vs. Terrell," could have read "The Big Fight: Cassius Clay vs. Muhammad Ali." It would appear that this man's biggest fight is with himself. He has not found himself yet, and so the fight goes on. The two images of him on your cover showing his unsure footing are quite apropos.

KARL E. WARMING

Berea, Ky.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your prompt, on-the-spot coverage of the Clay-Terrell fight. Robert Handville's lifelike drawings are particularly impressive and provide a refreshing change of pace.

BILL JACKSON

Atlanta

KNOWING THE SCORE

Sirs:

After witnessing the match between Clay and Terrell I have come to one conclusion: since we are now in the jet age, we should be able to bring boxing up to date also. Why not save an opponent or contestant from serious damage from a severe beating such

as Terrell took from Clay by having the scores posted after each round for everyone to see? It's a shame to have to watch a man being beaten nearly to death before we can find out if he has won or lost.

CHARLES W. STOVALL

Houston

SPRINGER FEVER

Sirs:

Thanks so much for your article on the springer spaniel national field trials (*Springer for the Feathers*, Feb. 6). Having been a participant in them for the last 10 years, I was glad to see this game get some national publicity. The action photographs and Duncan Burner's article were a real boost to the small world of springer people.

Having been able to shoot over Wivenwood Willie myself in the first few weeks he was in this country and then to have seen him at the National Championship, I found the comparison unbelievable. The change is a real tribute to Handler Larry MacQueen and the quality of dogs that are run in the competition.

JOHN S. WHITAKER

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs:

My compliments on the very fine pictures of Wivenwood Willie Hansen Carroll's photography is as exciting as it is beautifully and superbly executed.

The pictures now grace my bulletin board—right next to the photographs of the Arizona swimouts.

CHRISTOPHER R. OLSEN

Ames, Iowa

OUT AGAIN, FINNEGAN

Sirs:

Your Feb. 13 SCORECARD item, "Finnegan's Fake," was most intriguing. But for the sake of those of us who dare only to dream of a carefree return to the playing fields, please tell us the end of the story. Did Mrs. Finnegan discover that football was the real cause of her husband's broken collarbone by reading SI, and, if so, what was her reaction?

LESLIE MORRIS

New York City

● What would any good wife's reaction be? Ali is well. But Finnegan fakes again, see below.—ED.

Sirs:

My wife read your article, "Finnegan's Fake." She reacted as expected. My new address: c/o YMCA, Chicago.

MICHAEL R. FINNEGAN

Chicago

continued



12

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19TH HOLE *continued*

GREEN'S BETTER

Sirs:

In reading your SCORECARD section (Feb. 13), I noted that Dr. Deborah Sharpe, a New York psychologist, commented that pink would be a great color for a race track but would probably "give a track owner apoplexy."

Frederick L. Van Lennep, principal owner of the new \$15 million Pompano Park harness track in south Florida, must therefore be, by Dr. Sharpe's description, the most apoplectic man in the world of racing. Pink, or Pompono Pink, as it is now described, is the dominant theme throughout the whole grandstand and clubhouse.

RICHARD S. WILSON
General Manager, Pompano
Park Harness Raceway

Pompano Beach, Fla.

DOES HE?

Sirs:

I used to be a Rick Barry fan. Even own a Rick Barry autographed basketball. But when I read that my "no cavity" idol used hair spray (*Razor-cut Idol of San Francisco*, Feb. 13), it was all over. I wonder what his favorite bubble bath is.

LEON J. BLICKENSMITH

Baltimore

Sirs:

For a long time I have been seeking a well-written article concerning professional basketball. After reading your article on Rick Barry, I'm sure I have finally found it! Hallelujah.

JIMMY KORETZ

Whitestone, N.Y.

Sirs:

San Francisco's Rick Barry is, of course, a great shooter, but there are times when instead of helping his team he hurts it. Whenever he is not hitting from the floor he yells to his coach to take him out of the game. Now a superstar does not do this, because, even if he is not scoring, his team benefits from his presence in the game in other ways. Rick plays defense like it's against his religion. Let's see articles on the players who do not get enough publicity but should.

HOWARD WOLK

Whitestone, N.Y.

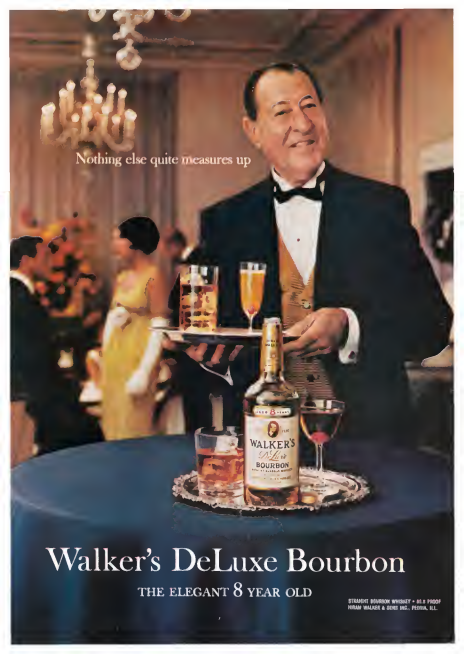
HELP WANTED

Sirs:

I am in the eighth grade and only 5' 1" tall. I am on the basketball team and I start at guard. I would like to know if there is any way or any kind of exercise to make you taller or if it all comes naturally. It gets pretty rough under there.

BU L. LONG

Bloomington, Ill.

A man in a tuxedo and bow tie is smiling and holding a silver tray with two glasses of drinks. In the foreground, a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon and two more glasses are on a silver tray on a blue-clothed table. The background shows a formal event with other guests and a chandelier.

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